







“E”

Published by Senior
Class
Emerson High School
Gary, Indiana



Dedication

To Mrs. Lulu Pickard, in sincere appreciation of her sympathetic interest in our school life, this volume of the "E" is gratefully dedicated by the Class of 1922.

Foreword

Every school year has its quota of important events; there is the football season with its exciting games, the basketball season ending with the tournament and all its thrills; there are the dramatics with the wonderful Senior play heading the list; there are numerous contests including the oratorical, declamatory, and choral contests; there are the social events, of which the elaborate Junior-Senior "Prom" is the main feature; and there is, last but far from least, the "E". It is this important feature of 1922's quota which we, the members of the staff of editors, herewith present for your approval.

As we realize that custom becomes timeworn, and that timeworn objects cease to be interesting, we have tried to diverge from the customs of former years.

JOHN SYMES, '22.



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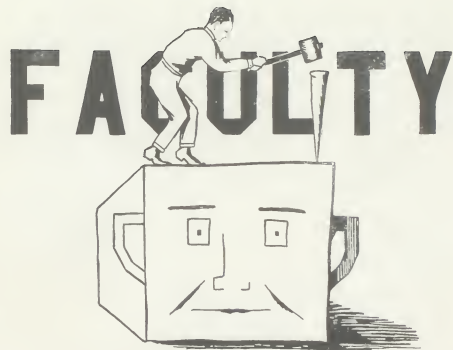
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Mathematics

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Mathemat'cs

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Mathematics

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Mathematics



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Nelle Glover

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Leah Graves

Cordelia Keeler

Mary Baird

Arithmetic

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Grace James

Primary

Margaret Stanley

Katherine Whiteman

Faye Boone

Primary Handwork

Eileen Seib

Nature Study

Georgia Cook

Kindergarten

Elizabeth Leeds

Alice LeFond

Sarah Boone

Music

Violet Viant

Helen Hart

Animal Husbandry

Harold Yarling

Physical Training

Helen Gass

Arline Heimbürg

Drawing

Ethel Erickson



AM.



Greek Dem. n



Johr



042



W. O. S. v.



Impossible



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Yes, Frank



0h B64



Her



Bob



Hill



Some Jake



Let's Go



5/10/1983



Glenn W.



SENIORS

Senior Class

Class Motto: Rowing, not Drifting

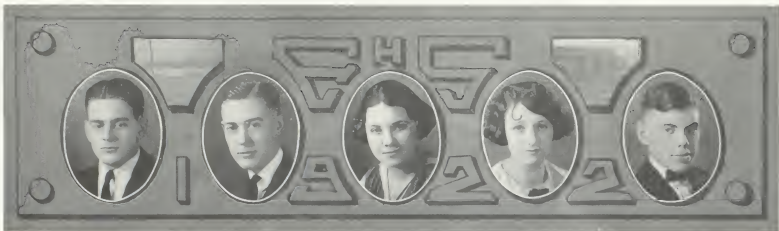
Class Flower: Tea Rose

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Treasurer.....	Samuel Dubin
Class Representative.....	Mary Esther Ransel
Class Representative.....	Dale Good

Mrs. Lulu Pickard

Class Sponsor



SANFORD ALDRICH "San"

Chicago

Sanford traveled all the way from Chicago, to attend our school. He has taken a very active part in school athletics and has also proved his ability as a class president. We notice that most of his spare time is spent with a certain Junior from Connecticut Street.

"Blushing is a gift few men have."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; President Senior Class; Senior Representative. Board of Control, '21; R. O. T. C. 1st Lieutenant; Football, '19; Basketball, '20, '21; Track, '19, '20, '21.

WILBUR DIERKING

Elgin, Illinois, 1917

Wilbur shares the floor with the class debaters. His masterly speeches have helped make the B. S. E. C. a success. Wilbur spends a lot of time just around the corner of a little shoe shop on Seventh Street. We wonder why?

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Chemistry Club; R. O. T. C.

MARY ESTHER RANSEL "Pestie"

Pittsburg, 1916

Mary Esther is always ready with a helping hand, whether it is using her pen or making candy for the benefit of the football fellows. We appreciate her efforts. She divides her time between her studies, the kindergarten, and a certain Junior boy whose picture may be found in this book.

"You can never tell about a woman. She is just as likely

to laugh at a funeral, as cry at a wedding."

French Club; Senior Representative. Board of Control; Auditorium League; Class Secretary, '22; "Mice and Men"; Chemistry Club; Spanish Club; Hockey, '21; Commercial Law Club; Lake County Preliminaries.

MARTHA TAYLOR

Pittsburg, 1910

Martie is an all-round good sport. Always on hand whether it be a dance, basketball game, or just a good time. She seems very much interested in a certain "little man" in the Junior class. She's another of our lassies who didn't like long tresses.

"Not that I love study less, but that I love fun more."

Chemistry Club; Spanish Club; Treasurer Senior Class; Hockey team, '21; Basketball, '19, '20, '21; Tennis, '21.

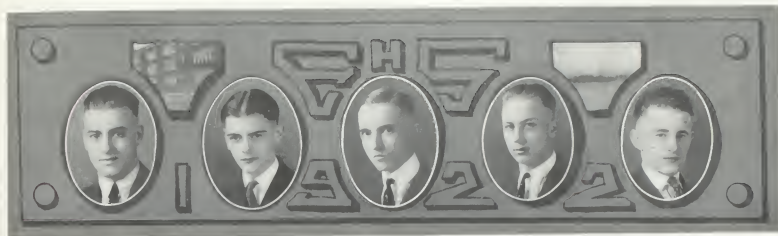
CLAYTON BRIGGS

Columbia City, Ind., 1919

Clayton has been with us three years, and he certainly has made a fine showing in that time. He has not only been made captain of the track team, but he was also elected president of the Board of Control. His social duties have not been neglected, however, since he has a host of friends, of whom many belong to the fair sex. He is well known for his interesting notes.

"They laugh that are wise."

B. S. E. C.; President, Board of Control; Classical Club; Musical Club; Class Editor of "E"; Football, '22; Captain, R. O. T. C.; Captain, Track, '21, '22; Cross Country, '19, '20, '21.



DALE GOOD "Ike"

South Bend, 1908
Dale came to South Bend, but it was so long ago that he can't remember much about it so we forgive him. He spends a good deal of time getting snaps for the Annual, around the school, in Mr. White's room, and other places. His green Ford is quite convenient for his friends. The girls are all friends of Dale.

O, Dale!

Chemistry Club; Spanish Club; B. S. E. C.; Football, 2nd team '22; Track; Chairman Athletic Association; Senior Representative, '21, Board of Control; Snap Editor of "E."

MATTHIAS FABIANSKI, "Mutt"

Mutt proved to be a dark horse in the fall election, having been elected yell leader over the heads of the two regular candidates. He has turned out to be an excellent yell leader and it was not his fault that we lost the tournament. How about the "sinoopsis," Mutt?

"I don't say much, I guess I must be shy."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Cross Country '20-'21-'22; Track, '21; Class Basketball, '21, '22; R. O. T. C.; Joke Editor of "E"; President Auditorium League; "Mice and Men."

JOHN SYMES

Cuba, 1918

Johnnie reminds us of that old saying about the best things coming in small packages. He is sure there with the goods, whether it means studying, boosting, or such a trivial thing as putting out the Annual on time.

Although he came here from the wilds of Cuba, he is fairly civilized now and speaks English with very little trouble.

"Diamonds are small, so why should I worry."

B. J. E. C.; Spanish Club, President; Classical Club; Band; Auditorium League; Editor of "E"; "Mice and Men"; R. O. T. C.

WILLIAM MARTIN, "Bill"

Valparaiso, 1914

Bill never lets his pleasures interfere with his work. It is this excellent trait that has made him an efficient business manager. He is one of the orchestra's accomplished violinists. We all look "up" to Bill.

"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

B. S. E. C.; Classical Club; Spanish Club; Auditorium League; "Rose of Plymouth Town"; "Mice and Men"; Business Manager of "E"; Musical Club; Chorus, '20, '21; Band; Orchestra; R. O. T. C.

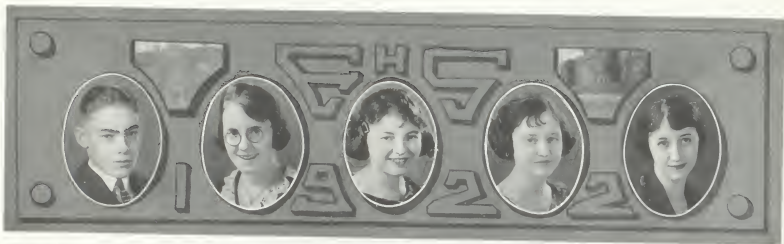
FRANK STIMSON, "Niger"

Memphis, Tenn., 1916

Frank's ready smile and good nature have brought him many friends and a captaincy? As Junior Boys' treasurer last year he succeeded in wringing from the boys, who seemed to be perpetually "broke" enough money to help finance our successful parties.

"Bashfulness is the ornament of youth."

President Classical Club, '22; B. S. E. C.; Chorus, '20, '22; Musical Club; "Bohemian Girl"; Advertising Manager of "E"; "Rose of Plymouth Town"; "Brown of Harvard"; Student Council, '20; Captain R. O. T. C.; "Martha."



JAY BONE "Jaw"

Jay may not qualify for the football squad, but he is right there when it comes to "boosting." His ready smile has won him many friends, especially among the Freshman girls. You'll be an orator yet, Jay.

"All mankind loves a lover."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Athletics editor of "E"; Class Basketball, '22; "Martha"; "Mice and Men"; Auditorium League; R. O. T. C.; Chairman, Eligibility Committee, '22; Chorus, '22.

MARGUERITE McNEILL

Fairfield, Iowa, 1918

Marguerite is a very good student and has many friends, but we are inclined to believe she takes life too seriously. She has been indispensable as a guard on our basketball team and is one of those who earned her "gym" credit by skating. We wonder!

"There's a world of wisdom in her looks."

Classical Club; Girls' Athletic Editor of "E"; "Mice and Men"; President, Sophomore Class; Hockey, '20, '21, '22; Basketball, '19, '20, '21, '22.

EDNA JONES

Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1911

Demureness is one of her virtues. Edna never says much, but perhaps we never give her a chance. We all like her anyway and wish her luck in her future work. She is one of Miss Lull's stand-bys and she is rushed to draw pictures in "Our Girl Graduate" books.

Bucyrus, Ohio, 1916

"Those who love beauty

Are gentle and honest in their temper."

Classical Club; Spanish Club; Hockey, '22; Art Editor of "E"; Auditorium League, '21; Commercial Law Club; J. E. Club, '21.

LILLIAN HEFLICH

Chicago, Ill., 1916

A girl who loves good times, but who remembers that all play and no work is not good for us. Lillian represents us in oratoricals, plays, and anything that requires public speaking. For any further references inquire of a popular Senior. Perhaps he knows better than most of us.

"A light heart lives long."

Lake County Preliminary, '21, '22; Society Editor of "E"; Auditorium League, '21; Hockey, '19, '20; "Mice and Men"; Basketball, '18, '20, '21; Spanish Club; Commercial Law Club.

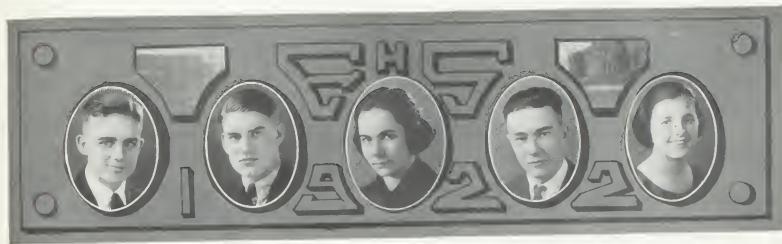
HELEN FOGLER

Villa Grove, Ill., 1913

Helen missed a semester at the beginning of the High School course, but it didn't keep her from graduating. As the chairman of the Social Committee she occupies a prominent place in our school. She is one of the stars on our Hockey team.

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."

Classical Club; Social Committee Chairman, '22; Spanish Club, '22; Organizations Editor of "E"; "Mice and Men"; Basketball Captain, '21, '22; Class Hockey, '18, '19, '20, '21; Auditorium League, '22; Class Historian, '20; Chorus, '22.



RANDALL LIGHTBODY, "Randy"

Youngstown, Ohio, 1913

Randy is one of our popular students, and the head-musician of our band. He is a very busy man—especially if there is something to be done. Take better care of your club pins, Randy.

"One day I woke up and found myself famous."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Band; R. O. T. C.; Chemistry Club; French Club; "Bohemian Girl"; "Mice and Men"; Orchestra; Auditorium League; Musical Club; Chorus. '20, '21, '22; Music Editor of "E."

ROBERT PICKARD, "Bob"

Marion, Ind., 1918

Bob is one of our popular, "all-around" students. He has proved his ability in the classroom as well as on the football field. He doesn't dance, but we notice that he is a good friend of all the girls just the same.

"Oh, what an understanding."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Classical Club; Auditorium League, President, '21; Chorus '22; Literary Editor of "E"; Student Council, '18; Football '20-'21-'22; "Mice and Men"; Athletic Finance Chairman '22; "Martha."

BEATRICE NESBIT

Valparaiso, 1915

Bicky is a synonym for "pep." We can never forget her work in the Junior play. She believed her last year was meant for work and she has done much for the class in selling candy and decorating for dances. She is a jolly good sport and we wish her luck.

"Woman's at best

A contradiction still."

Chemistry Club, '21; Classical Club, '21; Musical Club, '21; Northern Indiana Declamatory Contest, '21, '22; Chairman Social Committee, '22; Hockey, '20, '21, '22; Junior Play "Rose of Plymouth Town;" Chorus, '19, '20; Vice-President Junior Class, '21; Dramatics Editor of "E".

RUSSELL ST. JOHN, "Rus"

Chicago, 1918

Russell is right there when it comes to "boosting" the school activities. His timely signs are a great help to the busy student. We envy his "stand-in" with the faculty and his manly way of talking to the girls.

"I will be lord over myself."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Vice-Pres. Board of Control, '21; Auditorium League; Spanish Club; French Club; Musical Club; Band; Track, '21; "Mar ha"; "Rose of Plymouth Town;" Chorus, '19, '20, '21; "Bohemian Girl"

HAZEL KNOTTS

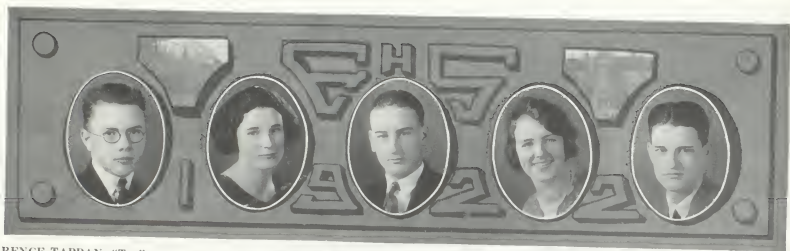
Hammond, Ind., 1906

Hazel has a faculty for nicknaming people. The most striking example of this is Honey. She is a sweet little dark-eyed lass and is always ready for fun, but she'll only smile on special occasions. She has made many true friends at Emerson and we all love her.

"Her very frowns are fairer far

Than smiles of other maidens are."

Spanish Club, '21; Chemistry Club, '21; Auditorium League. '21, '22; Commercial Law Club, '22; Hockey, '21, '22.



CLARENCE TAPPAN, "Tap"

Clarence has not been with our class very long, since he took it into his head to make his high school career short and sweet. Despite the fact that he has been hurrying to get through, he has found time to become one of the chief clarinetists in the band and in the orchestra. It seems he doesn't like combs.

"A wise man reflects before he speaks."

Classical Club; Musical Club; Band; R. O. T. C.; Orchestra; Sophomore Play; "Brown of Harvard."

CRYSTAL FISHER

Columbia City, Ind., 1913

This young lady is full of fun and good humor and—lest we forget—she is a shark in Commercial Law. Crystal is a firm believer in business before pleasure. She is a member of the Social Committee. We wish we knew how to acquire a natural marcel.

"There is nothing like fun, is there?"

Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Hockey, '19, '20, '21, '22; Basketball, '22.

LYNN FERRIS

Rochester, N. Y., 1911

What would the army be without our capable lieutenant? He is a willing worker and we owe much to his sign-painting ability. He is a

Niles, Mich., 1918

good student and we hear that he has a theological inclination.

"My text for today will be—"

R. O. T. C. (lieutenant); Classical Club; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Football squad, '21.

GERALDINE ONSON

Miller

Gerry is one of the students whose work we can point to with pride. She is one on whom you can always depend and, although she is very shy and unassuming, we imagine she was not given those dimples and that peach-bloom complexion for naught.

"A tender heart,

A will inflexible."

Hockey, '21, '22; Basketball, '22; Classical Club; "Rose of Plymouth Town"; "Mice and Men"; Lake County Preliminary, '21; Auditorium League; Spanish Club.

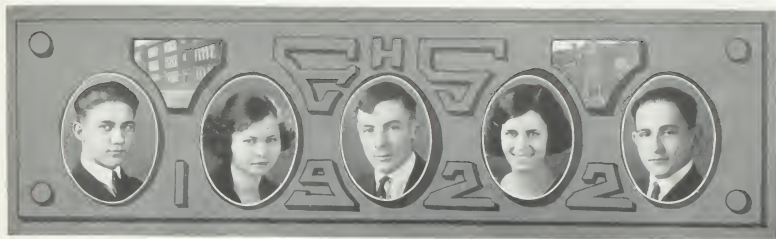
WILLIAM NOLTNER, "Bill"

Madison, Wis., 1917

Bill is our dramatist. He is famous for his eloquent speeches, especially in the English Club. We wonder what makes his hair so shiny.

"For he's a jolly good fellow and a good orator."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Classical Club; Auditorium League; R. O. T. C.; "Mice and Men"; Oratorical Contest, '21, '22; "Ruth."



ARVID GUSTAFSON, "Gusty"

We admire Arvid because he prefers to drive in from Griffith every morning, than to go to Hammond. Arvid has been with us four years, but he has said so little, that we hardly know that he is with us.

"Silence betrays no man."

Auditorium League; Band.

Griffith, Ind.

JENIBEE COATS

Jenny likes us so well that she carried five solids to graduate with us. She is a very tiny girl, but she is full of "pep" and initiative. She loves to dance and is always near when a good time is promised. She will impress you as being quiet until you find out her real nature. We're glad to have you with us, Jenny. She is also a welcome addition to the Orchestra.

Marion, Ind., 1920

"A dear little, sweet little, good little girl."

Orchestra, Spanish Club, French Club.

JOHN WALLACE, "Boob"

John is one of our best football players. In fact he is good at all kinds of play, having had a berth on the basketball team and the leading part in the Senior play. He doesn't like society, but we notice, he likes a certain society editor.

Coal City, Ill., 1910

"Wise men are all dead or dying; in fact, I don't feel well myself."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Auditorium League; Classical Club; Football '20, '21, '22; Basketball; Class Basketball, '20, '21; Varsity Basketball, '22; "Mice and Men."

IRENE FORSYTHE

Irene comes from Crown Point every day. One can easily see how much she thinks of the class of '22. She has spent two short years with us and although she is quiet, she has made many friends. We wish her happiness.

Ross, Ind.

"It is tranquil people

Who accomplish much."

Chemistry Club; Spanish Club; Classical Club.

SAM DUBIN, "Smiley"

Sam preferred to remain behind and stick it out with us when his folks moved away. We appreciate his choice because Sam is a live wire and has succeeded in extracting some dues from the Senior boys. Sam always has a smile for everybody.

Chicago, 1917

"But a merrier man

I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Classical Club; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Musical Club; Boys' Treasurer '22; Tennis, '21; Cross Country, '21; "Mice and Men."



JOSEPH BAILEY, "Joe"

Chicago, 1914

Joe arrived in Gary after a very fatiguing trip from Chicago in 1914. He is one of our society feathers, and we have heard quite a "classy" dancer. He is always to be seen in the company of our well known yell leader.

"Don't let your studies interfere with your pleasures."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Commercial Law Club; Chemistry Club; R. O. T. C.; Classical Club; "Mice and Men"; Secretary Auditorium League; "Martha"; "Bohemian Girl."

DOROTHY VERPLANK

Evanston, Ill., 1917

Dorothy is noted for her high grades and 95's are as common on her card as 80's are on those of "us poor mortals." She is rather quiet, but we know she enjoys a good time and she has shared many of ours. Dorothy is little, but O my!—She can do lots of work.

"The secret of being lovely,
Is being unselfish."

Hockey; Classical Club; Chorus, '22; "Mice and Men."

GOLDA HAFEY

Golda too has been with us only two years, but we wonder how we ever got along without her. She is a very good student, but also has time for dances and good times. She left our Senior English class to put more

time on music, but no hard feelings, Golda. We wish you luck.

"It is a friendly heart

That has plenty of friends."

Spanish Club; Auditorium League; "Mice and Men."

ELEANOR CASS

Westville, Ind.

Eleanor has been with us only two years, but in that short time she has made many friends. She is one of our "bobbed haired" ladies and is noted for her pretty clothes. She comes in on the car every morning with the "Ambridge Gang."

"Everything is pretty that is young."

Spanish Club.

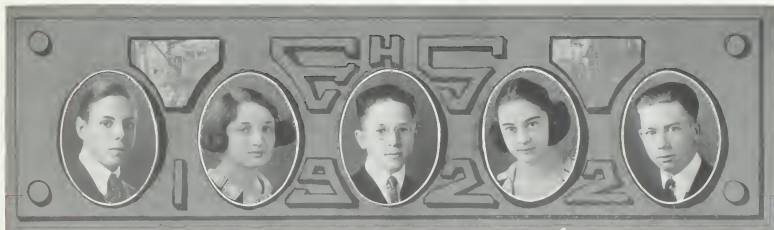
RAYMOND DUFF, "Duffy"

Chicago, 1918

We predict that Raymond will be a great politician some day. He has already proved to be a political boss, in school politics, as he successfully placed his candidate in the Senior class president's chair during the fall election. He was also a successful leader of the Building and Grounds Committee in 1921.

"I may be little, but I will have my say."

Chemistry Club; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Chairman Building and Grounds Committee '21; Class Basketball, '20, '21; Vice-President Auditorium League '22; Basketball, Second Team.



CHARLES WISE, "Charlie"

Belmont, Ohio, 1910

Charlie believes in doing today what might be put off till tomorrow. He likes to discuss his lessons with the girls, but it must be a good idea because he always seems to have his lessons well prepared. He doesn't like to spoil perfectly good targets.

"Faithfulness and sincerity, first of all."

Spanish Club; Commercial Law Club; Auditorium League; R. O. T. C.

ELSIE HUBERTH

This little girl has just joined our ranks this year, but already she has made her place among us. She is very good in declamatory work and has helped the S. E. C. to almost beat the B. S. E. C. She does not care much for the social side of school life but she makes up for it in her work.

"She is wise who knows her own mind."

Hockey; Basketball, '22; Orchestra: Captain Froebel-Emerson Debate, '22; "Mice and Men."

EZRA SENSIBAR, "Ezrie"

Wheatfield, Ind., 1907

Ezra has turned out better than we expected, considering that he came from a Wheatfield (Ind.). He has supported the class on the debating floor many times. Ezra signs his report card himself if it does not show 97's or above.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Chemistry Club; French Club; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Musical Club; Auditorium League.

EDNA FULLER

New York City, 1914

Edna is always in a hurry. She never wastes time and she doesn't like others who do. She is just a little girl and tried for a long time to fool us. We used to think she was bashful, but this year we found our mistake. She is a good student.

"Faint heart never won bashful boy."

French Club; Auditorium League; Spanish Club; Hockey Team, '20; Basketball, '20; "Mice and Men."

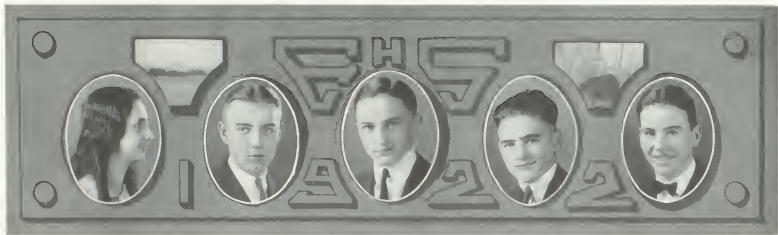
ARNOLD OLSON, "Pete"

Miller, Ind.

Pete travels the weary road between Gary and Miller every day, but he finds time to slide a wicked trombone and make the piano talk, so we overlook the fact that he hails from the tenth ward. Pete likes outside girls.

"I assume the cares of the universe."

Band; Orchestra; "Rose of Plymouth Town"; "Martha"; R. O. T. C.; Chorus, '21; Cross Country; "Mice and Men"; Classical Club.



VIRGINIA HUFF

Bay City, Mich.

This is the little lady with the long curls. She has been rather moody since a certain young man left for California. Virginia always sees the funny side of things and is always ready with her giggle to help a joke along. She has spent much time in the Music Department.

"She wears the rose of youth."

Classical Club, '20, '21, '22; Musical Club, '21; Chorus, '19, '20, '21.

TYRRE ROBBINS, "Olie"

Plymouth, Ind. 1918

Plymouth lost a popular young fellow, when Olie left. As captain he did his best to lead our basketball team to victory, and but for one point would have done so. We all have our hard luck. He is fond of society, and we notice that his pictures are in demand among the young ladies.

"Perseverance keeps honor bright."

Commercial Law Club; Chairman Athletic Finance Committee, '21; B. J. E. C.; Chemistry Club; Classical Club; President Junior Class, '21; Boys' Treasurer, '20; Basketball '20, '21. Capt. '22; Track '20, '21, '22; Football, '20, '21.

ABE HYMAN

Benton Harbor, Mich., 1918

Abe presented his transfer from Benton Harbor in 1918. He lost no time in becoming one of our star students and has remained one ever

since. He likes to explain things in the English Club. Abe is noted for his ability to collect money.

"He has opinions of his own."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Classical Club; Auditorium League; R. O. T. C.; "Mice and Men."

LESLIE KRULL

Hobart, 1919

Leslie hails from Hobart and is the farmer of our class. He likes to hang around the Tribe of K, but we are not acquainted with the reason. These farmers aren't so slow, by heck!

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Band; Football Squad '21; Class Basketball '21; Spanish Club; Classical Club.

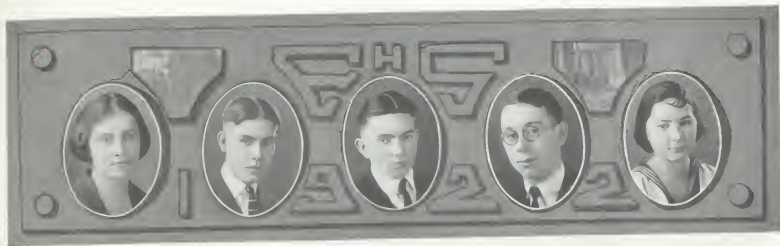
EDWARD O'HARA, "Ed"

Pueblo, Col., 1916

A staunch supporter of the A. O. of A. M. We believe that Ed can dance, but it is hard to catch him at it. It is rumored that a maiden in Hammond gets his attentions. You never can tell where a fellow will go to see a girl.

"Then we sneaked in."

B. J. E. C.; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Classical Club; Football Squad, '20, '21; Basketball Second Team, '20, '21; Track, '19, '20, '21; Auditorium League.



HELEN HAY

Helen is a star that shines with brilliance in studies, athletics, and fun. She loves fun, but studies all come first. She has never cared for the "stronger sex" until this year. We guess Randy has changed her mind. She is a gold star and is the heroine of the Senior play.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Basketball, '20, '21; "Rose of Plymouth Town"; Classical Club; "Mice and Men"; Hockey, '21.

LESTER INGRAM, "Stone Face"

Les is one of the members of our class who completed his work in February. We not only miss his pleasant smile but we also miss his lengthy discussions and overwhelming vocabulary in the B. S. E. C. Lester was a "bass" support of the band.

"But in that face stern and yet kind, lay strength and willpower measureless."

B. S. E. C.; Chemistry Club; Classical Club; R. O. T. C.; Chorus, '20, '21; Oratorical Preliminaries, '21; Band.

BERNARD HARMON, "Barney"

Columbus, Ohio, 1909

Barney is one of our old standbys. Although he is naturally quiet,

Chicago, 1908

he always gets there. Bernard is quite a "math" shark, we are told.

"Girls to the right of him, girls to the left of him, girls all around him."

Commercial Law, '21.

LEO DIAMOND, "Lee"

New York, 1912

Having a desire to live in a well known city, Leo left New York in 1912. He joined our ranks and has been startling the public ever since with his honor roll standings, and his brilliant debating speeches. Keep it up, Leo.

"He talks some times."

B. S. E. C.; French Club; Chemistry Club; R. O. T. C.; First place, Oratorical Contest, '21.

NAOMI SENSIBAR

Wheatfield, Ind., 19—

Naomi is one of the girls with whom we are not very well acquainted but what we know of her we like. We hope she will continue with her good work in the school of life. Someone tells us she is a good dancer.

"Man delights not me."

French Club; Chorus, '21; Musical Club.



JOE SPRINGBERG

Wausau, Wis., 1916
Joe came from Wausau, Wis., in 1916. After sampling Froebel's offering, he came to Emerson, where we have had to listen to him ever since. Judging by the exercise it gets, we should say that Joe's lower jaw is extraordinarily powerful. That's all right, Joe. Practice makes perfect.

"So quiet, but oh my! What a brain!"

Spanish Club; Classical Club; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Class Basketball, '22; "Mice and Men."

HELEN BORMAN

Hobart, 1910

Helen tried for three long years to hide her talents as a musician, but at last we discovered her. She is a shy young person who likes her work, but she still has time to enjoy our fun and has made many friends at Old Emerson. We hope she will always be as successful, in her work as she has been with us.

"She is so gentle and so good."

Classical Club; French Club; Auditorium League; Chorus, '21; "Mice and Men."

INEZ CARR

Buffalo, N. Y.

The saying that "Still water runs deep," applies exactly to Inez. She hasn't given us a very good insight into her character during the time that we have known her. We know that she shines in the Sewing de-

partment and that she has pretty dark curls.

"Woman is most perfect

When most womanly."

Hockey, '22; Basketball, '21, '22; Auditorium League; Classical Club

WINIFRED ILIFF

North Liberty, Ind., 1918

Winifred is a hard worker and the Senior Class owes much to her for the successes of the Senior Candy Sales. Although never conspicuous she has been one of the mainstays of the class. She was one of our orphans in the Senior Play.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

French Club; Spanish Club; Auditorium League; "Mice and Men" Hockey, '22.

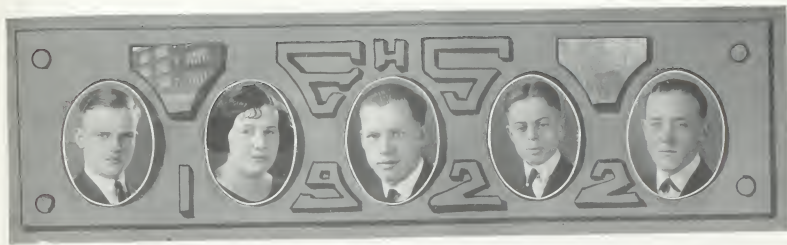
GEORGE KELSO

Decatur, Ill., 1916

George is a member of the Ancient Order of Amalgamated Medics. He was noted as a point gatherer. He could find ways to get points that no one else ever thought of, in school as well as in athletics. We believe that George would argue that black was white if someone said it was not.

"Cream always rises to the top, so here I am."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Classical Club; Chemistry Club; R. O. T. C.; Auditorium League; Football, '21; Basketball, '21; Track, '20, '21; Chorus, '20, '21.



REX YOUNG

Ohio, 1908

Rex is a rather quiet sort of a fellow, but no one can ever say that he never had a "show." He is as good a football player as he is a student, which is saying quite a lot. Keep up the good work, Rex.

"No gathering is complete without him."

Classical Club; Football, '21; Chemistry Club; R. O. T. C.

ELSIE TAYLOR

Summitville, Ind., 1921

Wishing to take advantage of the variety of subjects which Emerson Offers, Elsie joined our number. Although she has been with us only a year she has a number of friends, and has proved to be quite an "addition" to our class.

"If she will, she will,—you may depend on it, and if she won't, she won't, so there's end on it."

Commercial Law Club; "Mice and Men."

FRED SOLOMAN

Fred is one of our popular classmates and his Grant Six has made him still more popular. He is a football player and has also made a name for himself on the track.

"Oh, sleep is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Chemistry Club; Track, '20; Cross Country, '19, '20; Football, '20; Basketball Class team, '20.

NORMAN WINTER, "Shorty"

Mitchell, S. D., 1910

We don't see Norman very often, but perhaps the reason is that we don't use our eyes well enough. We ought to wear glasses anyway. We are glad to have him with us, as he has proved himself to be a good student.

"Louder still, and still more loud, his voice resounded throughout the crowd."

B. J. E. C.; R. O. T. C.; Spanish Club.

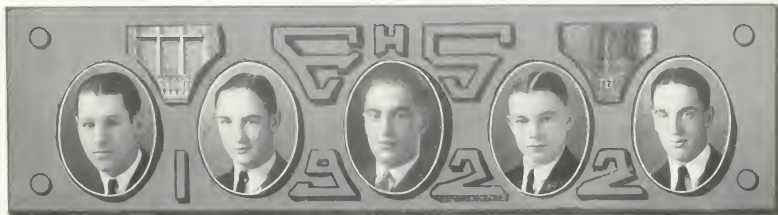
GEORGE CARPENTER

Miller, 1918

Although George came from Miller he is thoroughly city broke by this time. He has quite a liking for band work and in view of the fact, he has tried about every instrument that the band has to offer. George has a Ford and judging from what we saw in Valpo, we believe a girl, too.

"He who hesitates is lost."

Chemistry Club; Band; Yell Leader, '21; R. O. T. C.; Baseball, class, '20.

**ALVIN WOOD**

Washington, D. C.

Alvin is another of our athletes. Last year he successfully held down the job as captain of the football squad. The girls all seem to like Alvin, and he seems to like the girls. He is noted for his "superior" speeches and his innocent expression.

"A weighty matter, gentlemen, not to be tossed aside."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Spanish Club; Band; Football, '19, '20, Capt., '21; Basketball, '19, '20, '21.

FRANK SIBLEY

Canada

Emerson is losing one of her best all-around athletes, in losing Frank. Besides being captain of the basketball team in 1921, he has made a name for himself on the gridiron and on the cinder track. Frank is one of our old standbys and can always be counted on to do his duty, whether it is taking orders for Senior rings, or hauling the bunch around in the old Buick.

"An all-around feller gathers no moss."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Chemistry Club; Track, '21; Football, '19, '20; Basketball '19, '20, Capt. '21.

SIDNEY GOLDMAN, "Sid"

Indiana Harbor, 1914

Sid is an all-around good fellow. He and his Buick have often given

the gang a lift. Sid used to play football but in the last year he has forsaken his grid shoes for "Sandles." Better be careful, Sid.

"Happy am I, from care I am free."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Football, '20; Track, '20, '21, '22; Chemistry Club.

VINCENT CAVANAUGH, "Vince"

Vincent is one of our numerous athletes. It was through his good playing that we nearly won the State football championship. Since his name begins with C and is the next after B he has fallen in line for a certain young lady's hand.

"Gentle in mood,

Resolute in action."

B. J. E. C.; Classical Club; Social Committee; Football, '22, Second, '20, '21; Basketball, '22.

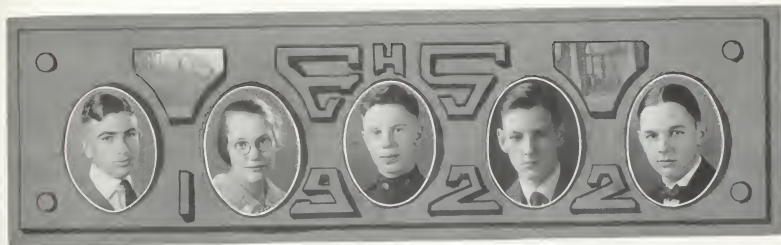
ROSS SIBLEY

Canada

After several successful years of football, basketball, and track, Ross became the boys' treasurer. Ross took excellent care of this office and handed it over to his successor little the worse for its use.

"Some achieve greatness; others have it thrust upon them."

Spanish Club; Boys' Treasurer, '22; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.



NATHAN FRIEDLANDER, "Nate"

Chicago, 1911

Nathan is quite a player. He plays the clarinet, the violin and the game of tennis with a marked degree of skill in each. Besides these accomplishments Nathan is a good student and always seems to have his lessons.

"Be wiser than other men if you can, but do not tell them so."

Chemistry Club; Musical Club; Band; Orchestra; Chorus, '20, '21, '22; Tennis, '21; French Club; Class Basketball; Class Track; "Brown of Harvard."

NAOMI BOWERS

Hammond, 1910

Naomi is a very serious girl. She doesn't care for dancing or the things we more frivolous creatures enjoy, but then we all have a different conception of fun and perhaps Naomi has chosen the more noble one. She is a good student and works hard. She has just surprised us all by getting her hair bobbed.

"Patience attaineth all things."

Classical Club; French Club; Hockey, '22.

JOSEPH LAUBE, "Keeper"

Chicago, 1908

In spite of the light auburn tinge of Joe's top piece, he is good-natured, and is always ready to do any little job that the teachers may want done. Joe likes the army life as long as he doesn't get shot—in the arm.

"One way t' be pop'lar is t' let folks use you."

B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Auditorium League; Chemistry Club; Orchestra; French Club; R. O. T. C.; Chorus, '21; Commercial Law Club; Emerson-Froebel Debate.

HAROLD SANDERSON, "Dynamite"

Logansport, 1915

Harold is rather deliberate in his actions, but he always seems to accomplish what he sets out to do. He is so quiet that we should fail to notice him, were it not for his commanding height.

"Practice makes perfect, but just th' same th' feller who hardly ever shoots off his mouth allus hits th' mark."

French Club, '19; Spanish Club, '20; B. J. E. C.; B. S. E. C.; Football '21; Cross Country, '21; Auditorium League, '20; R. O. T. C.; Basketball class, '19, '20, '21.

WALTER ISENBERG

Johnstown, Pa.

Walter worked hard to catch up, so that he might share the graduation exercises with us. Although he does not appear to be overworked we don't doubt but his books have taken a good deal of his time. Walter is quiet but not so shy as you might think. We are glad to have you join us, Walter.

"It is the quiet worker that succeeds."

Classical Club; Auditorium League; Band; "Brown of Harvard."

Class History

The King and his Table Round in solemn conclave were sitting, when, in before their eyes swept a damsel, tall, beauteous, lightly fair. Her garments shone like the trappings on her steed at the door, or like the silvery sheen of the mist-covered waters. "Sire, a boon! A boon!" quoth the maiden in haughty accents.

Then the King in answer: "Speak and thine request wilt be duly considered by us."

"And the damsel: "O liege lord, I am the Lady Di Ploma. In this realm of thine wherein thou metest out justice to all, methinks, thou shouldst make some change in mine affairs. My dwelling is the Castle Studious, wherein I am kept imprisoned by the power of four false knights, albeit powerful and brave. They have taken their several stands on the River Green which doth surround my castle four times. Verily, O Sire, they scorn thy power and jestingly permitted me to implore thine assistance. O King, show now the storied valor of thy knights. Give a champion for the vengeance of my insults. Send thy bravest and thy strongest, for, in good troth, they be of mighty strength."

Then in answer, the mighty King: "Damsel, verily loath were we that such blot be placed on the escutcheon of our justice. We shall send after thee to avenge thy wrongs one of our staunch and true knights, sworn to right wrong-doing. Such varlets as they thou speakest of must be overthrown. In good troth, their manners smack of the insolent. Sir Eli, summon Sir Fresh Mun to await our pleasure."

Then from the kitchen strode forth with a manly stride the youthful Sir Fresh Mun, who e'en that day had been duly dubbed.

"Sire, what wouldst of me?" quoth the lusty youth. "Perchance thou hast a quest for me?"

Then his liege lord: "Sir Fresh Mun, newly dubbed a knight of the Table Round, thy valor and courage we shall put to the test. We order thee to make thyself ready to do battle for this, our suppliant. Mark well thou fulfillst our behest. Accompany yon maiden to the Castle Studious and deliver her from the knights that it surround. Go. I place thee at her command."

Then Lady Di Ploma: "What, thinkest thou, a truly wise Sire, to o'ercome these lusty knights by the puny strength of thy unskilled kitchen servant? Verily, a spear is of more reach than a skillet. I came for justice and receive insult. Methinks thou hast been truly, yea, verily, called just." Having said which, with fire flashing from her indignant eye, the damsel swept the knights of the Table Round with a contemptuous glance and majestically walked out of the long hall, mounted her champing charger, and galloped away.

But the valiant Sir Fresh Mun, nothing loath to have an adventure, fired by ambition, strode to his horse, having buckled on his armor and trusty sword, mounted and galloped away, his fiery charger snorting with delight at the prospect of a journey. He sped onward with the speed of the wind until, finally, he o'ertook the Lady Di Ploma, who cried: "Avaunt, thou unskilled varlet. What knowest thou of jousts? Verily, thou art a half-wit Behind, I say! Thine ignorance, of a verity, grates upon my senses."

But the chivalrous knight: "Damsel, vengeance is mine. Lead on, though canst not lose me. I cling to my purpose to

o'erthrow these knights or be killed. Lead on, I say!" And away the damsel flew; the hoofs of the horses rang out on the paths. Down valleys, over hills, over valleys, down hills the damsel flew, and, behind, flying, the lusty youth pursued. But, finally, the knight's steed more strong than that of the damsel proved to be, and onward they went, side by side. Then the damsel, to herself: "Verily, he appears a seemly knight; he sits his saddle in a manner that betokens his strength. (Then aloud) Turn back, brave Sir. Alack-a-day that I called thee forth to thy doom. Turn back before it is too late. Methinks thou art not of sufficient brawn to resist such knights as those who imprison me." Then quoth the brave knight, "Lead on, fair damsel, I follow."

'Twas dusk and still the twain sped onward. 'Twas dawn and onward the pair still sped, the gallant youth too fiery to stop for rest. And so, for three days and nights, the two sped toward their goal until, on the dawn of the third day, the bold knight, looking ahead, cried out, "Methinks, fair damsel, I see thine castle in the offing. If so 'tis well. My armor begins to wear on my joints, and I needs must have exercise."

"Ay, and that you will have," the damsel replied. "You knights will truly exercise all thine art and skill." (In a pitying tone) "Turn back, and send a stronger knight of the King's Court."

"Damsel," gently but firmly replied her companion, "Lead on—I follow. Success or failure matters not if conscientious and painstaking care be devoted to attainment."

And at last they came to the River Green, which looped around the Castle Studious four times. Between the laps of the river a huge wood stood, and the Castle Studious appeared in

the center, towering over the dark green branches, dark, gloomy, grim, impenetrable. And to the outermost coil of this serpentine river they came, where 'twas spanned by a single arch and, on the further side, was a huge, silken green pavilion. Green was the silken banner floating in the breeze above the pavilion, and green was the scene before the eyes of the gallant Sir Fresh Mun. Before the pavilion a huge knight paced to and fro, who, upon seeing the Lady Di Ploma and her escort, sneeringly cried: "Is this the champion sent by thy king? Thou shouldst have brought someone along to carry him back, for ere he leaves here, methinks he will have wished he had not undertaken this dangerous quest. What ho! My arms!" And forthwith, from the pavilion, three barefooted maidens issued, bearing the nickel-plated armor of the knight. He buckled on his armor and mounted a fiery charger and said, in a fierce tone, "Thou ignorant backwoodsman, look to thyself!" To which Sir Mun replied, "Craven knight, methinks thy words smack of conceit. For thy petty names I shall smite thee several resounding taps upon thy pate." And, at these words, the two knights thundered across the bridge, meeting in the center. The fiery chargers thundered across the bridge and met with such force as to unhorse their riders. The two knights battled on foot, but neither seemed strong enough to overcome the other. And fiercely, and more fiercely the battle raged. Now Sir Fresh Mun drove the nickel-armored knight to the pavilion; now the opposing knight drove him back o'er the arch. Finally, when 'twas dusk and the two knights could see no more whither they were striking, they ended battle for the day. The knight of the green pavilion returned under his canopy. Sir Fresh Mun to the green sward on the opposite side. By morn the two knights were once more ready to do battle and, as before, neither could

o'ercome the other. For six months they waged battle fiercely o'er the slender arch—Sir Fresh Mun to gain possession—the knight of the green to prevent him. Finally, one day, the gallant Sir Fresh Mun, who had all this time been gaining strength, succeeded in driving the knight into the wood separating the outer lap of the river from the third, and, again, for six long months, they fought until, at length, after much trial, Sir Mun met the Green Knight in a little spot called "Exams." Sir Mun, knowing that the crisis was at hand, looked at the Green Knight and then, "Ye varlet, thy defiance wilt be rebuked this day. Ere the sun to its watery grave doth sink, thou wilt attend the King and his Table Round, begging for forgiveness for thy misdeeds. Look to thyself!" And, with that, they rushed together. Long and fiercely they battled until, by a deft stroke, Sir Mun struck the sword from his opponent's hand. "Yield thee," he cried, "else I'll split thee in twain with my trusty brand. Carrion that thou art, yieldest thou?" And the knight in green yielded, and gave up his armor to Sir Fresh Mun.

The Lady Di Ploma had returned to her castle, awaiting the outcome of their battle, and she had told Sir Mun that, if he o'ercame the knight in green, he should take his armor, and thus he would receive the strength of the defeated knight. So, when from afar in her castle window, she saw a knight riding on toward the third lap of the river, encased in nickel-plated armor, the damsel was in doubt as to who the knight was. The lusty youth, upon defeating the fallen knight, sought to discover his name, and, having learned what it as, took it for his own, and thus he became Sir Soph Moar, or the Knight in the Nickel-plated Armor.

By devious paths, Sir Moar came to the third lap of the river, which also a huge arch spanned. And, on the further side, he

could see a huge crimson pavilion. Crimson was the silken banneret floating in the breeze above the pavilion, and crimson was the scene before the eyes of the gallant Sir Moar.

As the knight approached the bank of the River Green, the knight in the pavilion came forth, cased in shiny brass armor. He looked at Sir Moar and then cried, "How now, Sir Moar! Leavest thou thy post to meander in the green, picking violets, or, mayhap, to pluck feathers from Nature's wing in the shape of flowers? Methinks thou shouldst not leave thy entrance unguarded." Then Sir Soph Moar: "Knaves, knowest thou not who I am? I am Sir Fresh Mun, now Sir Soph Moar, who hath o'ercome thy fellow varlet and, likewise, you shall I send to thy doom. Yield, ere I make thee measure thy length on the green." And the two knights came together on the bridge and fought long and fiercely. The battle raged as had the other, and, for six months, Sir Soph Moar fought for possession of the arch, and 'twas six months before he o'ercame this Knight of the Crimson. With the help of the armor and strength of the first knight, greatly was he aided in o'ercoming the second in the same length of time. And, for this knight, he took armor and name and strength, and so Sir Jeun Yoar continued on his journey to the Castle Studious. Lady Di Ploma saw from afar the knight in the brass armor, wending his way toward the third lap of the River Green, and she wondered if her champion was he whom she saw.

By divers ways Sir Yoar approached the second lap of the River Green, which a huge arch did span as before, and, on the further side, gleamed forth a huge silvery-white pavilion. Silvery-white was the silken banner floating in the breeze above the pavilion, and silvery white was the scene before the eyes of the gallant Sir Jeun Yoar.

As Sir Yoar approached the river bank, a huge knight in silver armor came forth and, seeing Sir Yoar, cried out, "Verily, Sir Jeun Yoar, thou seemest to disregard the needs of thine duty. To thy post, Sir!" And Sir Jeun Yoar answering, "Ye varlet, I am Sir Fresh Mun, now Sir Jeun Yoar, who has o'ercome in just combat thy fellow knaves. Reverest thou not the laws of the King? Verily, ere I leave this spot, thou wilt repent thee of the false prophets that influenced thee to such a course as thine. Methinks, good sir, thou art in for a merrily good drubbing. I would have thee a few rounds with the quarterstaff, but I fear me I should degrade myself. Put thyself in readiness." And together the knights came on the bridge and, as before, the battle raged. For six months Sir Jeun Yoar fought to cross the arch, and for six months more he fought the Knight of Silver until with the armor and strength of the fallen Crimson Knight, added to his own, he o'ercame the Knight of Silver.

When Lady Di Ploma, from afar in her castle window, saw a knight riding on toward the last lap of the River Green, encased in silv'ry white armor, the damsel knew not if her avenger and deliverer were still alive.

By winding ways, Sir Sen Yore, erstwhile Sir Jeun Yoar, reached the fourth lap of the River Green, and here he saw an arch leading over the river. He crossed the arch, meeting no obstacles, and proceeded through the woods towards the Castle Studios. Suddenly, he emerged from the woods, and before him he saw a huge golden pavilion. Golden was the silken banner floating o'er the pavilion in the breeze, and glittering gold was the scene before the eyes of the gallant Sir Sen Yore. Golden was the trumpet which hung outside the pavilion, held by a slen-

der golden cord. Sir Sen Yoar approached and, seeing no one, seized the trumpet and blew three mighty blasts. Ere the mighty echoes died out, strode forth from the pavilion a mighty knight, whose armor shone like the rays of the sun, and, on his helmet, was emblazoned, "Life." Sir Sen Yoar, dazzled by such magnificence, mechanically rested his spear in position and rushed at the knight. He was blinded by the beauty and grandeur of the knight and, insensible, he fell to the ground, hearing in weird tones the voice of Merlin, the arch-wizard, droning in his ear, "Rash and impetuous knight. Let not Sir Sen Yoar, though he be possessed of the strength and armor of Sir Fresh Mun, Sir Soph Moar, and Sir Jeun Yoar, attempt to do battle with the most powerful of knights—Life. Thou hast just won thy place in the Table Round. Far art thou from being all-powerful!"

Sir Fresh Mun awoke to find himself in the Castle, attended by Lady Di Ploma and her ladies-in-waiting. Gone was the golden pavilion and Sir Fresh Mun believed he had been dreaming. The damsel and knight returned to the King's court, and, four years to the day, entered the castle of the King.

The King and his Table Round in solemn conclave were sitting when in before their eyes swept a damsel, tall, beauteous, and lightly fair. And straight to the king, majestically, she walked, accompanied by a tall, powerful knight in silvery white armor. "O King," quoth she, "I am the Lady Di Ploma, whom your gallant knight, Sir Sen Yoar, has successfully rescued. O Liege lord, I crave thy permission to wed my deliverer." "Granted is thy request," replied the King. "Sir Sen Yoar, thou hast truly rewarded our confidence in thee. We take great pleasure in the fulfillment of our behest. Methinks thou art verily one of my

strongest knights," and Sir Sen Yoar: "O King, let me henceforth be known as Sir Fresh Mun, for, though I have verily o'ercome these stronger knights and received their strength and skill, still, methinks I am a little unskilled in the ways of battle." And the King: "So be it. Sir Eli, announce that the Lady Diploma will wed the noble knight, Sir Sen Yoar. Move all our court social events ahead one twelfthmonth, that we may truly cele-

brate the wedding of these, our subjects. Look to it, sirrah! Prepare the Commencement." And Sir Eli did. And thus Sir Fresh Mun became a true knight, attained the rank of nobility by being called Sir Sen Yoar, and gained the loveliest bride of the times—the fair damsel, Lady Di Ploma.

DAVID STANTON, '22.



"Oh why do you stay so far away
In a land of ice and snow;
When here, all's gay on Christmas day,
So happy, with friends we know?"

I smile at their knowledge of things worth while
And stay in my country home.
For parties need never my time beguile
While I through my woods may roam.

For they have but one Christmas tree with lights,
While I, a hundred and one,
Which sparkle and shine on Christmasy nights,
Their beauty surpassed by none.

"The parties, the frolics, you miss," they say,
I laugh as I race on the river,
With neighborly North Wind, and frolic and play,
And my happiness lives forever.

"But the Christmas spirit you lose there alone;
You forget 'tis the Lord's birthday."
The birds, beasts, and I, perhaps may atone,
In the love which to Him we pay.

Beatrice Nesbit, '22.

PROPHECY



Class Prophecy

It was a large, dark, rambling house and as I went up the steps, I wondered how many spirits there were lurking outside the windows, ready to enter at the medium's call. I was greeted by a maid and asked to wait in a dark, well-curtained parlor. For some reason or other I could not feel comfortable and I was glad when I heard the medium approaching. She was a tall, dark woman with many jewels and when I took her cold, limp hand in mine, I felt a most unpleasant thrill. As she told me she was ready, we walked down a long hall into a small, overfurnished room, where we sat at a table.

It seemed ages until she began to tremble and roll her eyes, and then suddenly she said, "Ah, the spirits are approaching. One stands out quite plainly. He has white hair."

"Oh, it must be my grandfather!" I exclaimed and then I knew I had made a mistake.

"Yes, now I see him. He is your grandfather, and he has an important message for you."

I couldn't repress a giggle. She opened one eye far enough to give me a withering glance. I quickly explained that my grandfather was very much alive and had brought me to her home. She was so annoyed that she almost opened both eyes, but quickly thought better of it, and we began again.

I realized then that she did not understand my mission. I interrupted her again and explained that I had come to hear the fortune of the whole class of 1922 rather than just my own in-

glorious destiny. The seeress said that of course this would be more difficult, but she would try to do this for me.

This time the "Spirit of Emerson School" slowly emerged from the crowd of spirits that surrounded her. The spirit I had come to consult told me that he had given many classes from Emerson the information they had sought concerning the future of their classmates and it would be an easy thing to tell me about the class of '22.

"There will be many successes, many joys mixed with some sorrows to make the joys greater, and many brilliant accomplishments. The class as a whole will be successful and it will do much good for the world."

"Sanford Aldrich, the president of '22 will be an architect, and many skyscrapers of Gary will be designed by him."

"Will he marry?" I asked.

"Of course, and the lucky girl will be a Junior."

"Really, will he marry Helen?"

"Yes, and they will live in Gary. Tyrie Robbins will be a lawyer. He will specialize in criminal law and will also remain in Gary. Tyrie, though, will be a bachelor. John Wallace, the hero of the Senior play, will continue his dramatic career begun in Emerson. He will be famous as an actor in Shakespeare's plays. William Noltner will be an instructor in a dramatic school. There will be other actresses, though. Beatrice Nesbit

and Lillian Heflich will represent the class on the stage. Randall Lightbody and Russell St. John will sing in a famous quartette. Both will later sing in the Gary Opera Company. David Stanton will be a senator and will marry Geraldine Onson. His speeches will be read throughout the country. Arnold Olson and Naomi Bowers will live on Fifth Avenue—"

"New York!" I exclaimed.

"No, Miller. They will live on a large farm and Arnold will be successful. He will be a scientific farmer. Frank Stimson will take his father's business. He will not marry. George Carpenter will be a foreign Y. M. C. A. secretary. Yes, he will marry Edna Fuller."

"Where will he go?"

"To Japan. Ezra Sensibar will be a noted author and his books on travel will fill many shelves at the library. Lois Garwood will be a librarian at the Gary Library. Elsie Taylor will also be in library work."

"There will be one banker in the class, and—"

"Who will that be?"

"Leo Diamond, of course. He will marry Naomi Sensibar and they will move to New York. Welfare work will call Eleanor Cass, Elsie Huberth, and Rex Young. Their fields will be widely separated, but they will do some great work in the cities."

"Will there be any teachers from our class?" I asked.

"Yes, Virginia Huff, Helen Fogler, and Golda Hafey will do kindergarten work. Dorothy Verplank will be an English teacher. Alma Smithers will teach the lower grades in the country. Helen Borman will teach music. William Martin will tour the country with his violin and will be very famous. Elizabeth Petts will have charge of School of Correction at Clairemont."

"What will Bob Pickard, Mutt Fabianski, and some of the other boys be?"

"Well, Bob will buy out Tittle's store and run a packing house and meat market. Matthias will be a dentist. Joe Bailey will also be a dentist and he and Mutt will have a partnership. Clayton Briggs will be a scientific farmer and Leonard Considine with his wife, Martha Taylor, will be successful in the poultry business. Wilbur Dierking and Sam—"

Suddenly the secess stopped, and our seance was ended. The spirit, it seems, could stay only a short time when it communicated with this mundane sphere. I was disappointed that I could not hear the rest, but I paid the fee and went out. As I closed the door, I saw the medium and her maid fairly rolling with laughter and I wondered—. Well, anyway, how is it done?

HELEN HAY, '22.

CLASS WILL

WE, THE CLASS OF '22, EMERSON
HIGH SCHOOL:

Mildred
MOFFIT

Class Will

State of Indiana, County of Lake.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1922, of Emerson High School in the County of Lake and State of Indiana, being of sound mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, do therefore, make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament.

First, we order and direct that our executors give the name and dignity of Seniors to the unworthy class of 1923 as soon after our decease as conveniently may be.

Second, after the transfer of such names and dignity, we give devise, and bequeath to Miss Knickerbocker, the trouble of being register teacher of the class of '23.

Third, we give, devise, and bequeath unto the class of '23 all the important offices on the Board of Control.

Fourth, to our ungrateful heirs, we bequeath our high positions of honor and prestige in Emerson.

Sanford Aldrich bequeaths unto John Beck his manly shape and figure.

From the Briggs estate we will his track ability to Kenneth Rearick.

Randall Lightbody does bequeath unto Merle Hodges the honor of blowing the bugle, providing he is on time every day and does not blow any "blue" notes.

Norman Winter does devise and bequeath unto Eugene

Ramey his R. O. T. C. uniform, including a size four overseas cap.

Ezra Sensibar does bequeath unto "Teddy" Jensen his wit and views on the Irish question.

John Wallace leaves to Harold Alschuler his executive ability and Irish wit.

Lynn Ferris leaves to Robert Ahrens two rusty lieutenant's buttons and command of the first platoon, Company A.

Joe Laube leaves unto "Bob" Clark the position of "Chief movie operator," providing he keeps the slides in order, and does not get the film in backwards or upside down.

Beatrice Nesbit does devise and bequeath unto Virginia Chase the extra points she possesses.

Joe Bailey leaves his football ability to Kerbert Earle.

Robert Pickard leaves his 12-E shoes to Morlie Crowthers.

Ross Sibley leaves his place in the famous Emerson Chorus to Dick Sturtridge.

"Abie" Hyman and Leo Diamond, the fighting twins, leave to Sidney McClellan and Earl Kiddy their pugilistic talents.

Sam Dubin, the Greek athlete, leaves his engaging personality to whoever wants it. If two apply for it, the one who receives the most points in a game of "Put and Take" shall receive it.

Frank Sibley leaves his foot prints to "Vic" Weigel, to be used cautiously and without waste.

The "Medics" leave unto charity the Emerson school.

Wilbur Dierking leaves the space between the east and middle doors of the Auditorium to anyone who may be in need of it.

B. S. E. C. bequeaths the "Ready-ready-ready-write" teacher to their worthy Junior successors.

Mr. Springberg is retiring from the ring and desires to bequeath the lightweight championship belt to Forde Bruce.

The musical talent from the estate of Ingram, Tappan, Olson, Friedlander, and O'Hara, we bequeath to Clarence Hendrickson, Allen Combs, and Paul Mohart.

The engaging smiles from the Heflich, Onson, Hafey, Bowers, and Ransel estates, are generously willed to Harriet Hanley, Verona Klunder, Helen Crabill, Helen Meger, and Bessie Block. May they be used to advantage.

George Kelso wills his wonderful talent for arguing to Asbury Spencer.

The dusky locks from the Knotts estate are willed to Avie McClaren.

We will from the estates of Emil Keseric, Vernon Duke, and David Stanton their right to roam the halls to Robert McArthur, John Davis, George Verplank, and Laddie Kornafel.

Miss Coats wills her volume of "How to be Popular" to Miss Prybylski.

From the Good-Robbins estate comes the "l'il" green fliver, which is willed to the future "Beau Brummels" of the school.

Ralph Ross leaves his power of asking vexatious questions to Harry Witwer. May he not set some teacher insane by them!

Marguerite McNeill leaves her tennis talent to Edna Bowler. The Symes estate wills the secret of a business-like attitude

to George Giley, who is much in need of it. We hope he will profit by it for the sake of Sergt. Wilcox.

From the Stanton estate comes the gigantic vocabulary, (Webster's only rival), which is duly bequeathed unto Laddie Wilson and Nore Hageman.

Helen Borman leaves the honor of representing Tolleston to Lyndall Wilson.

Dorothy Verplank, the shining light of the class, leaves her lucidness to be equally divided among Pearl Baker, Gertrude Greenwald, and Lois Garwood.

The "Vernon Castles" of the school, Frank Stimson, William Noltner, and Russell St. John, each leaves a pair of patent leather pumps to Joe Finnerty, August Brink, and Dick Patterson.

Sidney Goldman and Fred Solomon will their Junior lady-loves to Sam Ruman and Thurston Ward. (The right of correspondence reserved.)

From the estate of Martha Taylor comes "a way of getting by," which is willed to Martha Pisor.

Matthias Fabianski leaves to "Bob" Douglas all his "pep" and the maniacal actions necessary to make the students yell and put old Emerson across to victory.

Elsie Taylor leaves her double seat in the Auditorium to Clyde Heydorn. 'S'nice of Elsie.

From the linguists' estate, namely Eleanor Cass, Winifred Iliff, and Inez Carr, comes a complete set of Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil, which is willed to Lillian Sandles, Lillian Knott, and Bessie Baker.

The talkative habit of Emerald Duranleau is left to be divided among Earl Brown, Herbert Fuller, and Leigh Alger.

Irene Forsythe and Edna Fuller will their daily car rides to Neva Holmes and Virginia Chase.

Crystal Fisher and Helen Hay will their popularity to Theodora Eastes and Gertrude Eibel.

Virginia Huff and Helen Fogler leave their musical talent to Mildred Morris and any other Junior who may desire it.

Leslie Krull, Arvid Gustafson, William Martin, Alvin Wood, and Elsie Huberth will their talent for instrumental music to Mike Shellhouse, Fred Hendrickson, Charles Gordon, Victor Hauprich, and George Gilcy.

Edna Jones wills her talent for drawing to Marjorie Tucker.

Jay Bone, Rex Young, and Harold Sanderson, will their R. O. T. C. uniforms (which may be reclaimed at a small outlay), to Bennie Jackson, Rudolph Drevenak, and Winfield Hardy.

Vincent Cavanaugh bequeaths to Edmund Heilstedt his baseball ability.

Charles Wise leaves his endless stream of words to Elizabeth Betts, providing said person is in need of them.

Naomi Sensibar bequeaths her winsome smile to Clarissa Labb.

To those of the Junior class who have not been provided for in this, our last will and testament, we do hereby give and bequeath all of whatever kind or nature we have.

Lastly we make, constitute, and appoint Miss Lilian B. Brownfield of Gary, Indiana, to be executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

(Signed)

THE CLASS OF 1922.

By Joseph Laube,
Sam Dubin,
Lester Ingram,
Randall Lightbody,
William Martin,
Leslie Krull,
Sanford Aldrich.







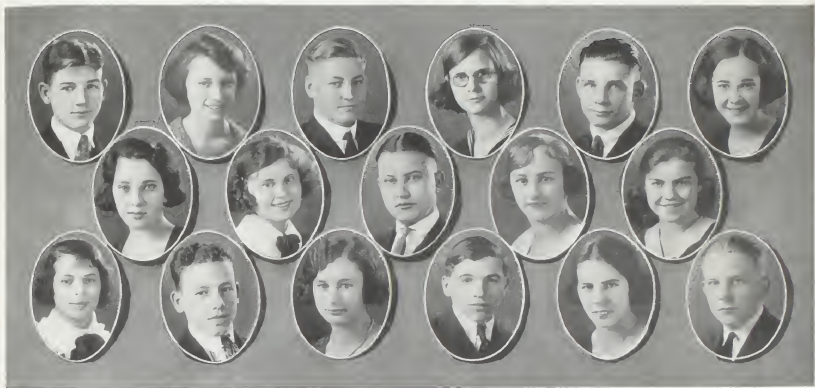
Top Row: Robert Ahrens, Robert McArthur, Theodora Eastes, Harriet Hanley, Merle Hodges, John Isley.

Middle Row: Collin Resh, Martha Pisor, Dick Patterson, Irene Parsons, John Davis.

Bottom Row: Helen Crabill, Helen King, Ruth Johnson, Herbert Fuller, Margaret Bailey, Virginia Chase.



Top Row: Gertrude Eibel, Thurston Ward, Ellen Rooda, Robert Clark, Catherine Brooks, Asbury Spencer.
Middle Row: Wilma Davidson, Pearl Baker, Edmund Heilstedt, Elizabeth Betts, Irene Lantare.
Bottom Row: Earl Brown, Jeannette Gaston, Herman Clarin, Emma Bertha, August Brink, Vena Bratton.



Top Row: Clarence Kelso, Gertrude Greenwald, Clyde Heydorn, Arvida Anderson, Dick Sturtridge, Helen Cox.

Middle Row: Florence Kunert, Helen Meger, Clarence Hendrickson, Julia Child, Jessie Phillips.

Bottom Row: Sarah Manalan, Dale Heiny, Bessie Block, Winfield Hardy, Beulah Marxmiller, Forde Bruce.



Top Row: Elma Kleindorf, Nore Hageman, Clarissa Læbb, Leigh Alger, Eileen Isley, Bennie Jacobson.

Middle Row: Beatrice James, Clara Ohrenstein, Laddie Kornafel, Magdalen Scheub, Irene Field.

Bottom Row: Harold Alschuler, Neva Holmes, Rudolph Crevenak, Mildred Morris, Russell Bone, Lois Garwood.



Top Row: Bessie Baker, George Verplank, Leonard Considine, Catherine White.

Bottom Row: Marjorie Tucker, Avice McClarren, Allen Combs, Michael Hanlan.

Junior Class History

Quite contrary to the usual procedure, I am not going to tell you what a wonderful showing the present Junior class made as Freshmen and Sophomores. Not that we're proud of the fact by any means, but it took us the first two years to realize what a really "peppy" bunch we had. As Juniors we are waking Old Emerson up, and the record we leave behind us will be the envy of all succeeding classes. I think few realize what a hole it would make in the school if the Juniors should disappear. (You Freshies and Sophs would have a sorry time of it, marooned here with those conceited Sniors.)

We demonstrated our level-headedness by our choice of officers to pilot us through the year. "Bob" Ahrens was made president; "Micky" McArthur, vice-president; Theodora Eastes, secretary; Harriet Hanley, girls' treasurer. We chose Miss Knickerbocker to sponsor the class, and every Junior will tell you that he feels we could have made no better choice; her spirit of comradeship and her sympathetic interest and enthusiasm made her the ideal class sponsor. At the end of the first semester, however, she was forced to leave school because of ill health and we asked Miss Newton to adopt us and guide us through the rest of the year. She assumed her difficult task with such cheerfulness and willingness that we loved her from the very start and knew that she was indeed the person to guide our fortunes.

As an example of our indispensability let me show you what the Juniors have contributed to athletics. Not that we're conceited at all, but we realize our value to the school. Ahem! The Junior Class basketball teams were the envy of all the other

classes. Helen Crabill, Julia Childs, Edna Bowler, Beatrice James, and Helen King carried the name of the girls through the season with flying colors. The boys' team was composed of Heilstedt, Hodges, Spencer, Hageman, Isley, Deck, and O'Brien.

On the Varsity basketball team the stellar Juniors were Sturtridge, Mohardt, Kelso, Ruman, C. Giley, and Sackett. The Varsity football squad was graced by Spencer, Ramey, Giley, Ruman, Mohardt, and Sturtridge; McArthur, Spencer, Stedman, and Sturtridge captured track honors for us. All right, come on, you other classes. We dare you to produce such an array of names.

The Junior Class play, "Brown of Harvard," was presented March 17, and the whole school agreed that it was a dramatic triumph for the class.

The Junior Hop was given on Washington's birthday. In order to "put the Prom over" successfully we felt we must conserve expenditures on the Hop, and the effect of coziness and beauty achieved through the simple medium of flags was astonishing.

Robert McArthur and Theodora Eastes represented the Juniors on the Board of Control.

We won the "Hunt," and the "Prom" was the most striking as well as beautiful affair of the season. And so, taking everything into consideration, we feel that we have just lived through one of the busiest, happiest, most successful years of our lives.

Theodora Eastes, '23.

11 B Class Roll

Myron Andrews
Arvida Anderson
Lillian Anderson
Earl Barnum
Robert Beattie
Ralph Behnke
Norman Care
Kenneth Carpenter
Della Carey
James Chase
Joe Chavkin
Julia Child
Allen Combs
Helen Cox
Helen Carruthers
William Davidson
Robert Davis
Elsie DeHaan
Donald Doyle
Donald Dykeman
Henrietta Ewing
Wilbur Eklund

Beatrice Figge
Louise Fowler
Thomas Flannery
Robert Francis
Ruth Frank
George Giley
Charles Giley
Goldie Goodrich
Cecil Gourley
Martin Gunderson
Nore Hageman
Joe Haley
George Hall
Bernard Hancock
Ivy Hinshaw
Cecelia Karbowski
Douglass Kerr
Mazel Kline
William Kreutzman
John Lenburg
Walter Lewandowski
Robert Maris

Burleigh Matthew
Sidney McClellan
Seymour Mehler
Ida Olander
Arvilla Pollock
Harold Putsch
Eugene Ramey
Kenneth Rearick
Gertrude Reed
James Ricks
Janice Riley
Alfred Rothschild
Samuel Ruman
Lillian Sandles
Robert Smith
Helen Sprowls
Robert Stedman
Alexander Stephenson
Thelma Stephan
Edith Strom
Irvin Taylor
Glen Tibbs
Wilbur Verplank





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

Eva Abrams
Walter Ahlgrim
James Aldrich
Viola Anadell
Edith Anderson
Evelyn Anderson
Philip Anderson
Roma Anderson
Luella Armitage
Fred Baird
Margaret Bay
Jessie Beattie
Ella Benson
Violet Bergman
Abbie Bilkovic
Joe Bilkovic
Harold Bishop
Alice Bitner
Louise Black
Mildred Blank
Norma Blank
Esther Blum
Elizabeth Bonick
C. Jay Boss
Elizabeth Brabham
Marion Brewer
Orren Briggs
Donald Bryant
Ralph Buchsbaum
Eugene Calloway
Catherine Carr
Donald Cavanaugh
Isabel Chavkin
Leron Child
Vertie Clark
Laura Comer
Philip Condron
Lamon Coons
Waldo Crisman

Charles Crowther
Richard Crowther
Isabel Curtis
Harold Dauer
Harry Davies
Eliza Davis
Marguerite Dering
Margaret Dorland
Leslie Douglas
Mercedes Doyle
Ksenia Duchich
Kerbert Earle
Fred Eibel
Ruth Eikenbary
Merritt Ervin
Howard Everhart
Matilda Fiebelkorn
Muriel Field
Evan Fifield
William Fitzgerald
Vernon Flaming
Ralph Frazure
Mac Freeburg
Joe Friedman
Carlton Fuller
Horace Gale
Gertrude Garich
Beulah Gerdes
Thelma Greene
Charles Gordon
Percy Goshaw
Carl Gustafson
Inez Hafey
Geraldine Hammond
Evelyn Hansen
Albert Hardenbrook
Edward Hardy
Mary Harkan
Robert Hass

Victor Hauprich
Frances Hayes
Charles Hecklenlively
Sam Heinrich
Fred Hendrickson
John Hered
Jennie Hodges
Merrill Holmes
Raymond Holmes
Clifford Hood
Alice Howard
Harry Hucker
Belle Hyman
Edward Isbey
Raymond Kent
Nick Keseric
Rudolph Kietzman
Claude Klingaman
Ruth Kohl
Kenneth Kost
Maynard Krueger
Emma Lakin
Dorothy Langen
Herbert Lemon
Esther Lerner
Rosaling LeVee
Thalia Lincicome
Kenneth Lindell
Viola Lindstrom
Irene Lohse
Russell Lorentz
Reine Loyd
Isabel Lucas
Laura Lyon
Miriam Mackay
Jessie MacLennan
Frieda Makowsky
Joe Mallak
Molly Manalan

Robert Matthew
John Marzalek
Kathleen Mayes
Thelma McDermott
Mildred McDowell
Francis McVay
Randall Meier
Elizabeth Meyer
Mildred Meyer
Emil Miller
Robert Miller
Mary Milteer
Wallace Mitchell
Michael Mohart
Nicholas Mosak
Margaret Mountain
Coralie Nelson
Emily Nelson
Martin Nelson
Helen Newton
Esthel Osborn
Mildred Paul
Paul Petry
Sunbeam Pendleton
Dee Pinneo
Roland Pitts
Arvilla Pollock
Marcella Pollock
Harry Potruff
Raymond Preuss
Kathryn Range
Joseph Ransel
Don Rearick
Delmar Richards
Bonnie Mae Ridgely
Stanley Rolston
Evelyn Rowley
Harry Rubin
Francis Sanderson

Helen Scheurer
Henry Schoon
Elva Schweinsberg
Miriam Seaman
Aaron Seitz
Ilo Seitz
Minnie Shattuck
Michael Shellhouse
Raymond Sherwood
Eileen Sibley
Byron Smith
Dorothea Smith
Mary Spears
Eleanor Spiker
James Stack
Walter Stanton
Alan Stevenson
Hazel Stewart
Stephen Stilwell
Edward Strom
Frederick Taylor
Joseph Taylor
Maurice Taylor
John Topp
Katherine Treadway
Marjory Uecker
Virginia Weller
Dorothy Wells
Lowell West
Browning White
John Williams
Evelyn Willis
Laddie Wilson
Lyndall Wilson
Marjorie Wilson
Clarence Winrott
Mark Young

Sophomore Class History

In the fall of 1920 we entered Emerson as Freshies. Although we were fresh, we were determined to show what we could do for our school and ourselves.

Of course, a year later most of us came back to start our Sophomore year, but this time more determined to meet success. We surely couldn't have selected better officers for the governing body of our class. For president, we elected Wilbur Eklund; vice-president, Lowell West; secretary, Laura Lyons. Bonnie Widgely and Harry Bohman were our treasurers. Our representatives on the Board of Control were Dorothy Ward and Eugene Ramey. Our class sponsor was Miss Peters.

We were very popular in athletics. The Sophomores that "made" the varsity football squad were Sam Ruman, Cecil Gourley and "Gene" Ramey. In basketball the Sophs proved their superiority by emerging from the inter-class contest as champs. The girls also showed their skill in basketball and hockey.

The Sophomores gave a wonderful dance on St. Patrick's Day, which was one of the best ever given by a Sophomore class.

One of Gary's finest orchestras played for the dances. The Sophomores also displayed their dramatic ability by giving a play entitled "Robin Hood."

Mr. Snyder did not forget the Sophomore class when it came to selecting voices for the contest chorus. A great many of us helped by singing for the common cause. The band and orchestra were well represented by "Soph." boys.

The Sophomores fill a large space in the many clubs of Emerson.

After all, with the determination to succeed, we feel that, although we have made many records for ourselves in the past two years, the coming years at Emerson will be of more value to Emerson and us. So we can truthfully claim that the class of '24 is the most enthusiastic class Emerson ever had. As Juniors and Seniors we hope to add glory to the good name which we have already earned.

VICTOR HAUPRICH, '24.





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Harold Ahlgrim
Robert Anderson
Frances Anderson
Laura Aley
Margaret Bair
Byron Barnes
Laverne Baldwin
Vada Bancroft
Marshall Barker
Catherine Bassett
Nelson Bassett
Audrey Barr
Oliver Black
Lloyd Bolan
Delmar Bozell
Adele Berger
Preston Berg
Raymond Berg
Jessie Beattie
Frances Billeter
Esther Blum
Lois Bryant
Helen Brown
Edmund Bogardus
Robert Bone
Eli Borkon
Lois Casement
Lisetta Clark
Laurence Cavanaugh
Robertson Campbell
Dorsey Causar
Ned Chapman
Frank Cvetkovich
Anna Colosimo
Frank Callings
Morley Crowther
Belva Cover
George Cook
Dorothy Cole
Victor Dauer

Rachel Davidson
Charlotte Danielczik
Lucille Davis
Vivian Decker
Vergil Decker
Jake Deutsch
Cleopha Deck
Ethel Diamond
Charlotte Dingle
Roxa Dingman
Edwin Dickerson
John Donahy
Helen Doege
Robert Douglass
Patrick Dunleavy
Mary Ducrow
Edna Earlandson
Linnea Evkholm
Leola Eklund
Ruth Eikenbary
Charles Erickson
Walter Evans
Hilda Faherty
Ruth Foringer
Mansfield Feighner
James Finnerty
Marjorie Fitzgerald
Rose Finkelstein
Anna Forsberg
Mary E. Fankhauser
John Friel
Catherine Frenzel
Adella Frenzel
Stout Frondorf
Herman Fuhlberg
John Garbett
Elma Gradel
Helen Garich
Janet Gruff
Rose Glenecke

Iola Gile
Charles Gibson
Regina Goldberger
Ethel Gogley
Swan Groberg
Alvin Goldman
Martha Greenberg
Lemuel Goldman
Fern Green
Edna Green
Emelyn Gustason
Eunice Hardy
Florence Harding
Myrtle Hancock
Malinda Hardenbrook
Mae Hansen
Dorothy Hayn
Lucille Harms
Junior Hamilton
Elmer Haase
Donald Haberman
Gerald Hanlan
Pauline Hilton
Agnes Holstrom
Mike Homola
Merrill Holt
Winifred Holliday
Jeanne Holland
Lila Hucker
Malcomb Isley
Catherine Jenks
David Johnston
Alice Jones
Mary Jahn
Thomas Joyce
Haven Jones
Mary Jahn
Hilda Kahan
Catherine Krah
Dorothy Kerr

James Kann
Nathan Kervitsky
Earle Kiddie
Mary E. Kleckner
George Kokos
Agnes Kruger
Harriet Larkin
Mary Lucas
Vivian Leslie
Daniel Lengyel
Donald Laing
Donald Leiter
Earl Leistikow
Hubert Long
Adolph Lietz
Lois Linkhart
Vaughn Longacre
Etta Lynn
Virginia Moe
Sophia Marks
Stanley Majcher
Delmar Marxmiller
Irvin Mascher
Russell McCay
Michael McCall
Robert McDonald
John Megquier
Helen McKee
Patrick Mohardt
Sidney Miller
Esther Moore
Evelyn Morrison
Donovan Motto
Emma Much
Anthony Namowicz
Frank Newell
Gladys Nix
John Noble
William Nuppnau

Rose Nute
William O'Connell
Thelma O'Connell
Pearl Oliver
Ruth Osborn
Herbert Parker
Dick Pritchard
Edwin Pauls
Ronald Prybyski
Georgiabl Plum
Kathleen Potter
John Primich
Charlotte Putsch
Harrison Reyher
Harold Rosenak
John Rooda
Verna Remus
Eleanor Rutherford
Alice Reddington
Evelyn Ruckman
Edward Ransel
LeRoy Rudy
Fred Sassman
Clara Seyl
David Sachs
Phyllis Sandbach
Claude Sampson
Walter Schoon
Lawrence Scofield
Philip Schepper
James Shay
Fred Scheub
Harry Smith
Martha Shaner
Wallace Snyder
James Somers
William Sutherland
Geary Smith
Ruth Snyder
Catherine Sprowls

Katharine Snyder
Donald Stump
James Spencer
Gladys Stoltz
Armored Surman
Helen Szostakowski
Walter Szostak
Olive Taylor
Theodore Templin
Wayne Thompson
Raymond Thiel
Ralph Thorne
Martha Titlebaum
Sam Titlebaum
Ethel Troutman
George Travers
Walter Tittle
William Todd
Mildred Uhlman
Donald VanLiew
Mildred Vodka
Alvin Wanthall
Edward Wellman
John Wasowicz
Claude Whiteman
Earl Weaver
Harold Weil
Elaine Welter
Lucille Welter
Philip Welsh
Kenneth Whalen
Aimee White
Manfred Whited
Rolland Whipple
Arthur Winegar
Wilma Wilson
Madison Wulfig
Charles Yarrington
Alexander Zabowski
Mary Zsudei

Freshman Class History

"He conquers who conquers himself." This familiar Latin phrase cannot be applied with more truth or reason than to the Freshman class of '22. Our aim was to conquer all of the difficulties and obstacles which are met on the toilsome journey through the Freshman year; therefore we began conquering ourselves. This has been a hard struggle, but we feel amply repaid inasmuch as the teachers will admit that we have been the brightest and best disciplined class of Freshmen that Emerson has ever had.

Our first Freshman class meeting was held in October. At this meeting 75 shaky-kneed Freshies showed their loyalty from beginning to end. Patrick Mohardt was elected president; Elizabeth Meyer, vice-president; Eileen Sibley, secretary; Jennie Hodges and Robert Miller, treasurers, and Miss Anita Bailey, class sponsor.

The next meeting was held in November to elect a social committee. John Dingler was elected chairman and Ruth Kohl, Lucille Welter, Thomas Joyce, and Merrill Holmes, committee-

men. There were no social events in our Freshman year as the law that Freshmen can give no dances, is irrevocable. We have already enough dazzling social events planned for our Sophomore year to make up for this year's idleness.

Isabel Lucas and Gerald Hanlan represented the Freshman class of '22 in the Board of Control.

Our loyalty prevails not only in the classroom but also in athletics. Although we had no boys on the Varsity teams, we had good, lively, inter-class games of basketball, baseball, hockey, and soccer.

The third annual Freshman play, "The Bluebird" by Maurice Maeterlinck, was given December 20 in the Auditorium and was pronounced a great success by all.

Our highest ambition is to be the finest class that ever graduated from Emerson and if the old adage "They can because they think they can," is true, we are well on the way.

LUCILLE WELTER, '25.



He Who Laughs Last

Considering the fact that Theodore K. Benton had so many attractive qualifications, it is not astonishing to learn that two "frats" of the big university of Pennsylvania were virtually at war over him. In the first place he had on many occasions shown his superiority in the gentle art of assault and battery, a valuable asset to any fraternity in time of need. Second, he was one of the few four-letter men in school, a member for any "frat" to boast of. Third, he was a good all-round fellow with an unlimited supply of wit and money. Last, but not by any means least, at arguing he could make William Jennings Bryan look like an amateur, as had been shown on many occasions when the Faculty was on the verge of telling him that the university might, by a supreme effort, be able to get along without him. This last trait was certainly a valuable one, as there are times when even so noble an organization as a fraternity needs someone to intercede for it.

So it came that when Ted at last saw that he must join one of these fraternities, either the Kappa Phi Omega, or the Delta Nu, he made up his mind in favor of the Kappas. That started hostilities. From then on, for a Kappa to go out on the streets alone meant molestation from the Deltas. Ted received a number of mysterious letters trying, both by threats and promises, to persuade him to change his mind, and become a member of Delta Nu.

Ted went through the customary initiations of which only the Kappas knew, as it was a secret to all "outsiders," and was at last informed that with the completion of one more degree of the initiation he would become a full-fledged member of the "frat." This one condition however, was not so easy as it sounded. He was not under any circumstances to shave his upper lip for a period of four weeks. At the end of this time he was to receive his membership.

The first week Ted got along famously. The next week the students began to have a little fun at his expense, and the school paper published a few paragraphs on "The Growth and Care of a Moustache." The third week the secret of Ted's moustache leaked out; and the fourth week the fun began. That is, some might call it "fun."

As has been said, the third week the fact that the growth of this moustache was a part of Ted's initiation became known to the Deltas. This benevolent but determined organization decided that there was but one thing to do and lay in wait for a chance to do it. That chance was

destined to come in the next week; to be explicit, on Wednesday night at 11:30 p. m. The Independent Club was giving a dance for the Faculty and a few of the more conspicuous students and alumni of the university. Ted received a bid, and, having never been known to miss a chance to dance if he could help it, he accepted the invitation in spite of the fact that most of the guests would be members of the Faculty.

Ted immediately set about fixing up a "date" for the occasion, not a hard job to be sure, for there were any number of co-eds in the school who would have welcomed a chance to go anywhere with Ted Benton. He arranged a list in case any of the girls he called had been already asked. His first choice, Marjory Douglass, had been invited by another fellow, as had the other four girls on Ted's list. Ted retired to his room in disgust, but determined to prepare another and longer list before again trying his luck.

While Ted was preparing this second list, a very mysterious conversation was taking place at the home of Marjory Douglass.

"Gee, I wish I hadn't made that date with Jack Rogers for the Independent dance," she confided to her brother Jim, a prominent member of the Deltas.

"Why?" queried Jim.

"Oh! nothing, only Ted Benton just asked me to go with him."

"Ted Benton! I don't see why you'd want to go with him, why he doesn't even know a good 'frat' when it stares him in the face," announced Jim and then relapsed into silence, leaving Marjory to her fate.

It was five minutes before either spoke again, and then Jim burst out with a mighty yell that would have awakened the dead.

"I've got it!" he ejaculated, and by way of emphasis he threw across the room the book which he had been reading.

"Whew! You had better let go of it if it makes you act like that. Go ahead, ease your mind. What is it?"

"You ARE going to that Independent dance with Ted Benton!" exclaimed her brother excitedly.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think so?—I know so! Now listen to me and I'll tell you all about it."

"All right, I'll try anything once."

Jim hesitated a moment.

"You sure you won't tell anybody about what I'm going to tell you?"

"I'll not, if you say not to."

"All right, here goes. First, you tell Ted that you have just found out that Jack Rogers has been called out of town and won't be back for a while. Let's see—you had better call him right now, I guess."

"Guess again. I think I'd better hear the rest of this 'wild-cat' scheme of yours before you start telephoning. Go right on with your story."

"Aw! well if you insist, since you are an important member in this plan, I might as well let you hear it through. Now here's the plan, and you be sure you don't let it out. You know we haven't given up the idea of getting Ted away from the Kappas yet. Well, you see he isn't exactly IN yet, but at the end of next week if he still has his whiskers he gets in. So we're going to amputate those whiskers. Now here's your part of it. You go to the dance with him and after it's over you tell him that you are going to stay all night with Helen Seegar at the Independent Club. See? Then he'll go home alone. That's all you have to do. I'll fix it up with Rogers all right, and we'll get Ted on the way home. Now you know it all. Are you willing to do your part?"

By this time Marjory had entered into the conspiracy with a vengeance.

"Sure, I'll do it. Wait a minute while I call Ted and tell him about Jack."

It had taken Ted longer than he thought to compile a new list of desirable young ladies, whom he would care to take to the dance, and he was still thinking when someone announced that Mr. Benton's presence was desired in the telephone booth. Marjory explained to him in a satisfactory manner and Ted came out of the booth with a great load off his mind. He could now rest assured that he wasn't taking someone who would bore him all evening, for, although her brother was a Delta, Ted thought a great deal of Marjory.

At last the eventful night came. The Delta Nus were organized and ready. Jack Rogers had disappeared for a few days so that Ted would suspect nothing. The gang had stationed themselves a block and a half from the Independent club and were waiting for the appearance of their intended victim. One of them, dispatched for that purpose, had seen Marjory and Ted go into the building. So far their plans had worked to a "T."

Promptly at 11:15 p. m. the dances ended, and, as per schedule, Marjory announced to Ted that he would have to go home alone, as she was staying with Helen Seegar that night. At the entrance Ted hesitated a few minutes chatting with his friends and keeping as far away from the Faculty as possible. At last he decided that he would head for home, but, seeing that the History professor was going in the same direction as he was and not especially caring to walk with him for six blocks, he waited until he knew that the professor was about half way home.

The Deltas, waiting in breathless expectation, at last saw Ted leave the building and strike out with his long, steady stride in their direction. At last—it seemed hours to them—they saw him cross the street a half block away. Although the street lights were nearly hidden by the dense foliage of the trees and the streets were very dark, they knew it was Ted by the breadth of his shoulders and his walk. Finally he started to cross the alley, but that was as far as he got. A half dozen Deltas flew at him simultaneously and he went down with someone's hand clasped tightly over his mouth to prevent his calling for help.

They took him down the alley to the rear of a vacant house, and there, having blindfolded him to prevent him from seeing who was performing the amputation, carefully shaved his upper lip until not the least sign of a whisker remained. The deed done, they swiftly and effectually made themselves scarce; some going in one direction, some in the opposite. About midnight six stealthy figures slipped in at the back door of the Delta Nu house and congratulated themselves on the feat that they had just performed.

That does not end this story, however. The worst is yet to come. When Jim Douglass, and two others of the six who had committed the amputation of the night before, came into the History room the next morning, they found Ted Benton in the front of the room talking to the History professor about the low grade he had received on last month's examination, his back turned to the class.

They could hardly control themselves, so great was their anxiety to see how Ted would look without his moustache. They could not keep their secret, but each immediately had to tell his neighbors to look at Ted Benton when he turned around. These people, sensing mystery, passed the word on until the whole class was waiting for Ted to face them.

At last he turned around! But what was wrong? Certainly nothing was wrong with Ted. If, however, they had happened to glance at Jim's face they would have immediately seen that something was radically wrong. His eyes had grown big, his face had turned to a pale, ashy

grey, and his hands much resembled those of a person afflicted with palsy or Saint Vitus dance.

Jim had seen at a glance that Ted's beautiful, blonde moustache still graced his upper lip. He had also noticed that the History professor's much-beloved and long-labored-for moustache was missing. Jim immed-

iately put 2 and 2 together, and, by rapid calculation, got about 9,471%.

Needless to say, Theodore K. Benton is now a full-fledged member of Kappa Phi Omega.

Robert Pickard, '22.



He Smiles

I have a friend—he smiles.

He never seems to have the “blues.”

He is short, well built, handsomely featured, brown eyed—but no matter—he would be the same if he were tall, lanky, and homely—he smiles.

He is my buddie. I see him in classes and out—I have seen him with other fellows and alone—I have known him for years—as one who smiles. There is something fascinating about that smile of his—it makes you want to stop and watch him smile

again—I have tried to copy his smile. It expresses good sense, good will, good nature. It bubbles from within and seems to overflow with energy and good spirit. It is catching.

I wish you knew this friend of mine—perhaps you do. And if you do—you know his smile—you know the hypnotic spell it casts. You have a real treasure in this friend—a living, breathing treasure—real life, itself. For “Life is youth, and youth is smiles.”

Go on, old friend of smiles. Your work is being well done.

Robert Ahrens, '23.

Going After It

On an autumn evening in 1869 Alex Mackenzie, a nineteen-year-old boy, fresh from the Scottish highlands, topped the hill that overlooked the village of Lucerne, Indiana. Alex was five feet seven inches tall, homely as a man should be, red-haired and freckled. His shoulders were broad and heavy, and he walked with a slightly swaying gait. When he saw the village below him, he thought, "Is that Lucerne where brother Don lives?"

He entered the village and asked, "Is this Lucerne? Does Don Mackenzie live here?"

"Yes, Mack lives in that house beside the store," answered the stranger, wondering what anyone wanted with the silent Mackenzie. Alex walked to the house and opened the door.

"Alex, how did you arrive?" asked Don.

"Walked," said Alex crossly, "Let me in. Shut the door and give me something to eat and drink."

While Don prepared the meal, Alex narrated how he had come because a friend had said he dared not.

Desiring not to be dependent on his brother, Alex was searching for work early next morning. The first place he came upon was a meat market.

"Vot can I do for you?" asked the fat, complacent clerk.

"I've come for work," said Alex.

"Vot work? I got no vork for you. Ve don't need nobody."

Alex pulled an old butcher's knife from his belt and said, "What do you want me to do?"

As the clerk didn't know what Alex meant, he was fright-

ened. Just then the owner, a merry old fellow, who sat in the corner said, "What can you do?"

Alex said, "I can butcher a beef, sheep, or hog to perfection. I can dress a lamb in three minutes. I'm as neat a boy to work as ever you saw."

That was Alex's way. He didn't believe in waiting for a chance to make good. He forced himself into people's attention. Needless to say, he got work. But the pay was little and the cost of living much; and Alex liked his drink; and almost before he received his first pay he decided to go to Little Rock, Mo., where better work was offered. He worked his way down the Wabash, Ohio, and Mississippi to Missouri.

He worked there five years and saved five hundred dollars. With characteristic disregard of business caution he bought one thousand acres of swamp land for fifty cents an acre. He thought it might be good land on which to raise rice.

He made himself president at a meeting of the Little Rock Realty Co. The meeting was called to order and the chairman yielded Mackenzie the floor. He began, "Gentlemen, I have a proposition to put before you. I want to sell you something. You won't want it. Nevertheless, I want you to have it. I have one thousand acres of apparently useless swamp land that I shall sell you for twenty-five thousand dollars. I can't develop it myself for I haven't the money. I am sure that if you give the matter careful consideration, you will accept."

Then he sat down, waiting for opposition, knowing that if he stated his full case at first, no opposition would be offered and

his plan would be discarded as not important enough for consideration.

"Mr. Chairman," said one man, "this is the most foolish and bare-faced project that has ever been brought before us. This man asks us to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for one thousand acres of the poorest land in the state,—land that he could not get one dollar an acre for."

"Mr. Chairman," said another with a wintry smile, "it seems to me that this is meant more for a joke than anything else; if so, it is a sorry joke. It is impossible. I suggest that we ignore it and take up more important business."

Alex was on his feet in an instant. "Men," he said, "if this plan were impossible, do you think that I would waste my time putting it before you? I have had the soil tested, and it is ideal for raising rice, and the climate is perfect. A threshing and packing mill will cost you five thousand dollars. Within five years you can be clearing fifty dollars an acre,—a net profit of fifty thousand dollars a year. I know because others have done it." With that he stalked out.

These hard-headed business men were not long in realizing that a fair profit might be made, but they balked at paying so

much for the land. At last they made him an offer of seven thousand dollars; but while they were waiting for an answer, Alex was in St. Louis, organizing a stockless, moneyless real estate company, the purpose of which was to bluff the Little Rock magnates into accepting his offer. Shortly after Alex returned to Little Rock, he received a letter from the St. Louis Real Estate Company, offering twelve thousand dollars for the land. He brought this letter before the real estate company. He said, "I have a letter offering me twelve thousand dollars for the land which one of you said was a joke. If I sell my land to this company and they cultivate it for rice, it will probably mean that a number of Chinese coolies will be brought here to work the farm. I know you wouldn't like that; and so I offer you the land for ten thousand dollars, provided you make me manager at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. Of course you know you don't have to accept."

The company accepted and considered itself lucky. Thus was one boy started on the road to success. When an opportunity presented itself, he took it; when an opportunity did not present itself, he made one.

Harold Sanderson, '22.

O Hoa! for old Yuletide,
That season most jolly,
Now come, deck each fireside
With gay sprigs of holly.
And sing, mummers, sing ye,
Your carols, so happy,

The message they bring me
Will ring out so gaily.
And we shall all gleefully
Join with the minstrelsey
With "Joy in the world now be,"
Singing so cheerily.

Beatrice Nesbit. '22.

The Tables Turned

Dickie was a real boy. He was full of fun and mischief, but above all he hated girls. In his opinion all girls were "fraid cats." Why his sister was afraid of even a worm. Besides, she was afraid of the dark. But he wasn't. He didn't mind being alone in a dark room! But it seemed that he could never go to sleep with the lights out. "They gotta be on," he explained to his sister, "cause when they're out I just can't go to sleep, 'Tain't 'cause I'm afraid, but when the light shines into my eyes, I just can't keep 'em open an' I fall asleep right away."

One day a new girl came to school; she was a small, skinny person with two long braids of red hair, green eyes, freckles, and a pug nose. From the moment that she entered the school there seemed to be constant warfare between herself and some boy, for she, like Dickie, hated the opposite sex. She had been at the school only a short time before Dickie decided that he would have to do something to "get even," as this little red-headed maid was the plague of his life. After he had reached this decision, he set about forming some plan, and that day at recess, he sat under an oak tree, planning and thinking. "Now if she were a boy," he thought, "it would be easy enough. Now if I could only—" but his meditations were suddenly interrupted as a shower of acorns descended upon his head. He looked up in surprise; there was another shower. They stung as they hit his face. "Who's up there?" he yelled. In answer there was a girlish giggle. Dickie immediately guessed who it was, and he knew he was right when he caught sight of a red braid.

"You think you're funny, don't you!" cried Dickie angrily.

"Look here, Red, I didn't do nothin' to you. Can't you leave a feller alone?"

"I'm sorry I hurt you," she replied sweetly, meanwhile keeping up a continuous bombardment with acorns. "And I do wish you wouldn't call me 'red.' My name's Clara.—Clara Emily Watson. What's yours?"

"None o' your business what it is," snapped Dickie, "and I do wish you'd stop throwing those acorns at me."

"What an impolite little boy you are!" she continued in a teasing voice, "I just love to see you jump every time an acorn hits you. Oh goody! that one hit square on the nose."

"Looky here, if—if you weren't a girl—I'd—I'd—"

"You'd be afraid of me," she laughed.

"I ain't afraid of you nor anybody else. But no boy ever hits a girl unless—unless it's his sister."

"Yes, and his younger one at that." She was descending from her perch now, and Dickie glared at her angrily.

"Fraidy cat," he yelled. "You pitched into me 'cause you knew I wouldn't hit back."

"Dickie's mad, and I am glad," she sang out.

"Shut up," snapped Dickie.

"It isn't polite to say 'shut up.' My mother never lets me say it."

"Yah, you're 'fraid to say it. You're 'fraid you'd get a spankin'." All girls are 'fraidy cats."

After all, Clara was a girl, and what girl can stand by peacefully and hear her sex ridiculed. "Dick Preston, girls ain't no

more 'fraidy cats than boys are."

"Oh, I suppose they're not even afraid of ghosts."

"Well, I'm not; I'm not afraid of anything."

"You can't prove it."

"Can too. What do you want me to do?"

Dickie was puzzled for a moment. Here at last was his chance for revenge. He could make Clara the laughing-stock of the whole school! It would serve her right. She shouldn't have boasted so much.

"I—I double-dare you to go to Spook's Hill when it's pitch dark," he said at last.

"I'll take your dare," she replied.

Dickie was very much surprised that Clara should be so ready to do what he asked her to, for Spook's Hill was a place to be feared, as one summer, one of the boys had seen a **real live ghost** at the foot of the hill, and since then, no one had dared to venture near the place after dark.

"You'll have to go all by yourself," he cautioned her, "and you'll have to tie your handkerchief on a bush,—on that big one right at the foot of the hill, so that when I come there I'll know you've been there" were his last words as he turned to go into the school house. Clara promised to carry out all directions, and the two children parted.

That afternoon after school, Dickie called to his two best friends, Bob and Fred, to wait for him. "Say fellers," he began And then he related the events of the morning.

"Gee, she's some girl," said Fred.

"Well, I ain't gonna let any girl get the best of me," mumbled Dickie. "Say, I've got an idea. She says she ain't afraid of ghosts. Let's make her prove it. Let's dress up like spooks an'

when she gets to the hill, let's scare her."

"But where'll we get the sheets?" asked Bob.

"Oh, I'll get them," volunteered the originator of this bright idea. "I know where mother keeps 'em. We'll meet at the school house as soon as it's dark."

Just then, there was a rustle among the bushes. "What's that?" whispered one.

"I—I guess 'twas only the wind," and the boys hurried along to their various homes.

That evening after supper, Dickie said, "Mother, may I go over to Fred's house tonight? We're gettin' the gang together an'—"

"Yes, run along; only be sure to be home by ten o'clock. I know that Fred's mother doesn't want you boys staying over so late."

When Dickie left the house, his mother did not notice that he had a curious bundle hidden under his jacket. The boys were already at the school house when Dickie reached the meeting place. "Did you bring 'em?" whispered Bob. In answer, Dickie pulled out the bundle, and handed each boy a sheet. Fred threw one over himself.

"Do I look spooky?"

"You bet. But say, can you see through it?"

"No."

"Oh, that's easy," said Dickie, and he produced his mother's embroidery scissors from his pocket. In a few minutes the operation was completed, and the boys, with their sheets carefully hidden, started for Spook's Hill.

It was pitch dark when they reached the place, and the boys Were just the least bit afraid that they had missed their victim,

but after assuring themselves that there was no handkerchief on the designated bush, they hid, and anxiously awaited the coming of Clara

It seemed to Dickie that they had waited for hours. At first he thought that maybe she wasn't going to come. She probably had become frightened at the last moment and had decided that she would admit to Dickie that girls were 'fraidy cats. But these thoughts soon changed. What if she had lost her way! And horrors! What if she had fallen into the creek and drowned by now. It was all his fault. The boys would probably tell on him. He could already see himself hanging for the crime. He could actually feel the rope tightening around his neck. But these meditations were suddenly interrupted by an unearthly wail. There was another; and then another.

"What's that!" whispered Bob.

"D-d-do you s'pose it was a ghost?" stammered Fred.

"I-I dunno. Let's go home," said Bob.

"No-no, I guess not. Look an' see what it was."

"You look. I'm scared."

"Dickie's gotta look. He got us into this."

"Finally, Dickie, with his teeth chattering, stuck his head out from behind the bush, and as he did so, a cold clammy hand was passed over his face. Then it clutched his hair. "Leggo!"

shrieked Dickie. The hand let go his hair, and as Dickie looked up, he caught sight of something white! The boys took no more than just a look at the figure, forgot about their sheets and ran for home just as fast as they could go.

Next day Dickie returned to the hill to look for the sheets and the handkerchief. This time he found what he was looking for, and in the handkerchief he found a piece of paper, and this is what he read:

"As I wandered by the road side,

Your voices sweet I heard.

I hid behind a little bush

And heard your every word.

It is an old, old, story,

As old as old can be;

Do not unto others do,

As you would not have done to thee,

So since roses are red,

And violets are blue,

The tables are turned,

And the joke's on you.

Elsie Huberth, '22.

The Sub Ex-quarter's Chance

The diminutive Wash Windsor did not stand up at once as did the others; he remained crouching with a momentary scowl upon his face. It was all good and well to be optimistic and enthusiastic—Wash was overflowing with these qualities—yet, there was no getting around it. Ralmi, old dependable Ralmi, had just grabbed Meabody's half-back in the very nick of time, preventing what seemed an inevitable touchdown. Emerson was still left in the narrow lead. Neither the crowds nor the players realized that one of the strongest and most dependable chains in the Emerson backfield was slowly but surely weakening.

How long could he continue against the odds? Ralmi had received a blow in the neck in a previous hard game, which was playing havoc with him now. How long could he last in the grind?

The score was: Emerson, 13; Meabody, 7. Perhaps if Emerson could only hold her own on the defensive and keep her foe mid-field for four downs—Perhaps—

A sudden roar of excitement brought Wash out of his brief reverie. The side-lines were full with screeching, shouting rooters, all self-control gone for the moment. Meabody's fullback had evaded the line of scrimmage and was running toward Emerson's goal without any interference. Somebody must stop him! Rick would get him! He must!

Frantically straining himself to the utmost, the lone Emerson player flung himself after the man and missed narrowly, and the other triumphantly raced over the goal for a touchdown.

At the end of the half, a few minutes later, the score stood, Meabody, 14; Emerson, 13.

Wash with his usual cheering grin ran out to greet the tired, dusty, bruised team. As the discouraged team wearily struggled into their dressing room, Wash, with the other subs, was busy administering liniment and water, along with a steady line of encouraging talk to the football gladiators.

"Wash. Come here a minute." The coach withdrew to a secluded corner.

"Wash, you know Kellers isn't here today."

"Yes, sir."

"You know what that means. You'll replace Ralmi as soon as he is taken out."

"Shucks! He—he can last it out all right."

"I hope he can. But as it looks now it doesn't seem so. He got a

bad crack, that boy did. He's doing his best, but he can't last it out. Are you sure about the signals?"

Wash flushed and stammeringly replied, "I've known them since the night you gave them out in the gym."

"All right. In you go when I say so."

Wash was enveloped in a roseate glow. He, Wash Windsor, smallest fellow on the squad, was to play in the biggest game of the year! The unbelievable had happened. After four years of being knocked around with the scrubs he had attained the millenium. How he had longed for this moment through the seasons! Yes, he was sorry for Ralmi. Yet the big fact remained that Wash Windsor was to play.

Wash, during his four years at Emerson, had experienced hard luck in the football world. As a Freshman he had been the joke of the squad, light and innocent of any football knowledge. His Sophomore year was little better, a "sub" to the second or scrub team. Wash's third year was kinder and in spite of his lightheartedness he made himself a dependable baskfield man having every reason to believe that in his last year he would alternate with Valey, the quarterback. And that is just what would have happened had not a new arrival bobbed up.

During the former season Wash had every reason to believe that he would have a chance to play the required number of quarters in order to get the much coveted gold "E." The appearance of big Lells had crashed his hopes to earth. Lells was large and fast; Lells could run and could handle the oval. Big Lells, therefore, became the alternate with Valey. Wash heavily-heartedly went back to the second eleven to what he grimly told himself was his football luck. The biggest disappointment of all came when he was shifted from quarterback to full on the seconds. His playing on the field became ragged, in fact poor and indolent. The coach, a reader of Wash's thoughts, fully understood the case and knew where he would inevitably land if he did not get down to straight business. Wash knew, too, for that matter, "but what was the use?" he argued to himself. "Was it worth it—the hard knocks, the sweaty hours of work of each night? What would he get out of it? Was it worth while?" Then one day—

"Wash," the coach was speaking in a tone hitherto unknown to him, I want to see you in my office for a few minutes this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

Wash will remember that session with the coach to the last day of his life. In short, snappy sentences he was informed that he was a quit-

ter and a detriment to the success of his team and team mates. He could recall the exact words of the coach, "Remember you're out on that field every night for the good of your team and school, Old Emerson. You're a representative of your school and as a representative if you are not on your toes every minute you're a mighty poor one. You and your team mates represent the gold and grey! Are you going to be a slacker and quitter? Well, then get some of the old-time stuff in you. That's all."

With the words ringing in his burning ears he made his way to the field. Full of "pep" and energy, he worked his way back to his old form. Wow!—he could hit and tackle, the victims relected. What had happened to him anyhow? He always had seemed so light and small and now any ground to be gained through him had to be worked for.

The night before the great game, when "Lisp" Keller had been declared ineligible to participate, Wash felt sorry for him. Yet he was only human. At last, here was his chance, mighty long in coming but here now. "List" was a good friend of his and he felt sorry for him, but he was glad for himself.

The second half had at last arrived and it was not until he was seated on the side-lines that he was himself.

Emerson kicked off to Meabody. On the fourth down Meabody punted out of danger and downed Emerson on its thirty-yard line. A line-buck added five more yards and a pass to Suman gained seven additional. Small gains, true, but still working toward the coveted goal of their opponents. On the last down Rallace punted out of immediate danger.

The coach seated himself beside Wash and worriedly regarded his watch. He replaced the time-piece and turned to Wash.

"This defensive 'dope' won't work against that beef-trust. Just stopping 'em won't and can't do the trick; we've got to break through. I've never seen our team fight harder this season but they outweigh us something like twenty pounds to the man. Gosh! and a scholastic record at stake!"

"Yes, sir," replied Wash, "Take a squint at their guards. I'll bet they—"

"A sudden commotion at the ticket gate cut short his speech. All those within the radius of hearing stood up and for the moment forgot the football game. A well-built young man half dressed in gridiron attirement was having a vociferous argument with the ticket taker. 'Aw, I don't have to buy a ticket. Ya lunkhead don't you know the gold an' gray colors? Color-blind?' With several other cutting remarks he elbowed his way through the crowd to the side lines and ran straight to the substitute bench where the coach and "subs" stared at him.

"Hey, coach," he pantingly bellowed, "I ain't ineligible. I just found it out, too. I took my papers over to the Economics professor and asked him why he gave me a seventy-three. 'Seventy-three,' says he, 'that's a seventy-eight.' Believe me, I didn't wait. Had to break my locker to get my suit. Phew! Some run!"

"Kellers, report and take Ralmi's place. And Kellers, there are only a few minutes left of the third quarter. Snap into it now!" The words were fairly flung at him.

A cheer from the side-lines signalized Keller's appearance upon the field which was followed by just as strong a one for Ralmi, who limped painfully to the player's bench.

"Kellers is the fellow who will do it, coach. He'll put pep and punch in 'em again."

The coach nodded thoughtfully. "Put pep and punch in them. We'll see," he added to himself grimly.

Wash sat back wearily. He was glad for the team and sorry for old Ralmi. He realized with a pang of regret that it was his last game and would have no chance to fill in that quarter which stood between him and his "E." Oh, well, he had never stood in the favor of Lady Luck anyway.

That last quarter will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Fighting and tackling like a demon, Kellers projected himself into every play and proved a stone-wall in defense and a meteor in aggressiveness.

When the oval went to Emerson, it was Kellers who broke loose for thirty-five yards, while the side lines went wild with joy.

Again and again the backfield hammered the line. Then they stopped. They could gain no more. The vicious onslaughts of the heavier team at last took effect. The line was driven back inch by inch in spite of their determination to hold.

The coach threw his coat to the ground. "Kellers is doing all right, but the team isn't playing the game. It's tuckered to the finish. Played great football though."

The ball was on Meabody's thirty-yard line. But twice more, each frantic attempt, Emerson failed to gain.

"Gosh!" whispered Wash to the others, "they're going to try for a field goal!"

Had Emerson played up to its usual old form, the drop-kick would have gone between the goal posts. But the weakening of Ralmi, and the smashing by Meabody had nearly ruined the teamwork. It was Meabody's quarter who evaded the line of defense and blocked the try, falling on the ball.

Wash was jerked roughly to his feet.

"Windsor!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Report to the Ref."

The "sub" stood up, confused and white. "But Kellers is——"

"No back talk. He's done all he can. Shift him to half and you take full. Snap into it!"

Wash never remembered how he crossed the field and reported to the referee. Vaguely he found himself at the bottom of a huge pile of players, gasping for breath.

"Gosh," don't shove me into such a mess," he complained, laughing. "I may get injured, don't you know." This from a fellow who for four years had always been at the bottom of such piles?

Soon the team was grinning, yes, grinning! It had a nervous effect upon the opponents. A losing team has no right to be cheerful. It looked queer. Sure did! Meabody did not like it. Neither did Meabody like it when Wash, upsetting an end, threw himself upon a big half-back, who fumbled. A substitute, and a little fellow, at that, did not have any right to do such things.

Once again it was Emerson's ball.

"All right, come on now, fellows. The season's nearly over but we're going to have a touchdown anyway. Don't cry, Meabody, we won't hurt you more'n we can help."

"Play ball!" growled the Meabody captain.

Wash conceived an idea that was daring.

"Sure we'll play ball," he grinningly replied. How would it be for us to go through center and guard? Don't hit us too hard, though."

The Meabody team was confused. It concluded that the whole affair

was tricky. Instead of reinforcing center and guard, the defense moved to the ends. A moment later an Emerson right half picked himself up from the ground, after advancing some fifteen yards into Meabody's territory.

The nerve, the extreme nerve of the play was successful. Yet it had gained something better. It had pulled the Emerson eleven together. Now they were laughing.

Wash changed his mood. "Come on, guys, only a few minutes left. Let's finish the job."

Slipping, hammering, fighting, the gold and gray reached Meabody's twenty-yard line.

"About a minute left!" gasped Wash to Valey.

The quarterback nodded. "Signals, eighteen—twenty-two—sixty-five——"

It was a signal for a dropkick with a "fake" run. The blackened faces of the line showed this time that there would be no getting through. Swiftly Wash poised the oval. This was his moment for which he had worked so hard through the seasons of scrimmage.

Wash heard the sharp plunk of his toe against the pigskin and then shut his eyes, afraid to watch the curving ascent of the ball.

A tremendous roar shook the ground and as if in a haze Wash felt himself hoisted on shoulders, surrounded by a sea of faces.

By a scant margin of two points the good old gold and gray had triumphed.

NORE HAGEMAN, '23.





Commercial
Club Trophy
Junior R.O.T.C.

L.C.H.S.A.
Track Team
May 7, 1921

A.A.F. of
Cook County
Basketball
11516 Class

L.C.H.S.A.
Track Team
May 11, 1918

L.C.H.S.A.
Choral Contest
1918

G.H.S. Interclass
Track Meet
Juniors 1911

L.C.A.A.
Relay
1914

L.C.H.S.A.
Track Team
May 13, 1916

L.C.H.S.A.
Chorus
April 28, 1916

L.C.H.S.A.
Relay
1912

L.C.H.S.A.
Chorus
1921

L.C.H.S.A.
Team Cham-
pionship 1912

L.C.H.S.A.
Track Team
May 7, 1921

L.C.H.S.A.
Relay
May 8, 1920

L.C.H.S.A.
Chorus
1920

I.H.S.A.A.
Relay
May 20, 1916

L.C.H.S.A.
Relay
May 13, 1916

Northern Ind.
Relay
1913

L.C.H.S.A.
Relay
1915

Northern Ind.
Relay
1915

L.C.H.S.A.
Relay
May 10, 1919

Northern Ind.
F'tball Champ.
P'rdue-S. B'nd
1921

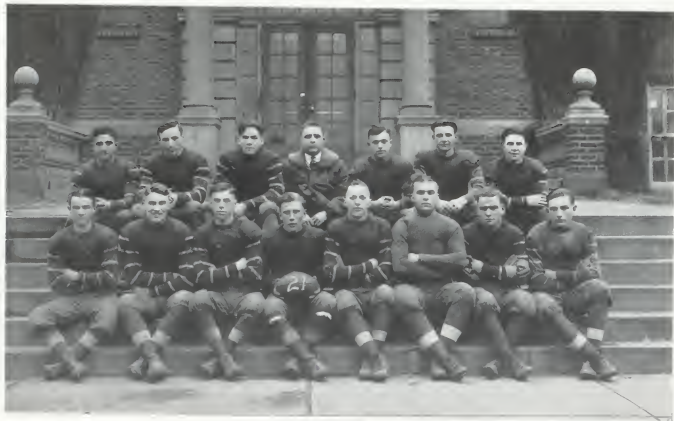
L.C.H.S.A.
Team Trophy
May 8, 1920

L.C.H.S.A.
Chorus
1914

S.C.H.S.A.
Relay
1913

Northern Ind.
A. and O. L.
1913





VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

1921 Football

Football at Emerson has always been regarded as the major sport, but never has the school produced such a team as that which wore the Gold and Grey for the season of 1921. For aggressiveness, versatility, and offensive playing, they stand head and shoulders above any team Emerson has ever produced. No team this year was able to stop Emerson's smashing offensive. So terrible was it that in every game played—and there were eight of them—Emerson scored in the first five minutes of play. Among these eight were such teams as South Bend, and Kentland—even Froebel could not break this record. Emerson excelled in no one department of the game: she used all with equal success. The school was fortunate in possessing a backfield which, while it was not remarkably speedy, was noted for its driving ability. In line-plunging Salmi and Haley had no equals in northern Indiana. Ruman, Sturtridge, and Mohardt combined in making Emerson's forward passes deadly. Wallace's punting and Salmi's accurate place-kicking proved that Emerson did not lack for educated toes.

When call for practice came, 65 pigskin aspirants turned out, among them being eight "vets" from last year's team, besides numerous "subs" and second-string men. Coach Brasaemle was faced with the difficult problem of filling the few vacancies left by graduation from such a large crowd. To make it more difficult, everyone seemed possessed with the idea that he was going to make the first string and played accordingly. So equal in playing were many of them that it became necessary to carry twenty-two men on the first team and no one felt sure of his

position. The result was a hard-hitting, aggressive team. When the dust had cleared away, it was discovered that Coach had shifted Wallace to the vacant tackle position left by Spangle, and that "Packy" Dunleavy had filled Wood's place at the other tackle. Both were great players both on the offense and defense, but "Packy" was prevented from playing a steady game by his frequent injuries. Wallace is one of the greatest tackles ever developed at Emerson and succeeded in making All-State Second team. Ruman was placed at left end and was one of the most valuable players in the line. He plays a driving game all the time, is an expert in handling the forward pass, and an excellent punter. He was named for end on the All-State Team and is captain-elect. The other end position was held down by Combs, Robbins, and Cavanaugh. Cavanaugh was a good steady player and a cog in Emerson's passing game. Gourley was at his old position of guard. He played as he always has played, a consistent plugging game. Spencer and Sturges both filled in at the other guard position. Both were steady players. The center position was a toss-up between Briggs and Pickard. Both were good offensive linemen, but Briggs had the edge on Pickard for defensive playing.

The entire last year's backfield played and surely profited by the preceding year's experience for they worked well together. At fullback Captain Salmi played an even better game than the year before. As a line-plunger he had few equals in northern Indiana. In forward passing he was an expert in precision, speed, and distance. As a captain he handled the team in an ex-

cellent manner. Mohardt and Sturtridge were Brasaemle's choice of halfback. Both were speedy and good drivers. They were the main cogs in the passing game. On the defense Mohardt especially was good, and size did not hamper his hard and vicious tackling. Sturtridge was a fast back, and frequently tore off great gains around the end. At the quarterback position were Quinlan and Haley. Haley is a great player and a hard-driving back. In carrying the ball he is a terror, but he does not possess the generalship of a good quarterback. Quinlan is not only a general, but can drive a team, and carry the ball for a good gain himself. His suspension is among the few things that kept the team of '21 from being perfect. Had he been in the Froebel game at quarter, the score might have been different. Haley fought hard enough, and did his best, but he has not the generalship of Quinlan. On the backfield fell the responsibility of bolstering up the defense. The line, hard players on the offensive, was usually not particularly brilliant on the defense. There were times, however, when it could stiffen, as during the Froebel game and once during the South Bend game.

The first game of the season was with Valpo. Emerson's hard line-plunging was too much for her team, and it succumbed 19-0. The last half was played in a sea of mud, which slowed Emerson up and stopped her scoring, else we might have piled up several more touchdowns. On the following Saturday we engaged Kentland. The game started off with a bang when Emerson with the same line driving that beat Valpo, drove through the Kentland team until they reached the 30-yard line, where Salmi place-kicked. During the next quarter with the same tactics Emerson reached Kentland's 3-yard line, when the ball was

fumbled. A Kentland tackle picked up the ball and ran 97 yards for a touchdown. Sturtridge, after running him up the field, made a splendid diving tackle, but too late to prevent the touchdown. A terrible struggle began. Kentland endeavored to keep the lead they had obtained against Emerson's frantic efforts to score. The fight ended with Mohardt's going over the line a few seconds before the end of the half. In the second half the Kentland defense was broken down and Emerson scored almost at will. The game ended 30-7.

On October 15th Captain Salmi's steamroller hit the strong South Bend aggregation. Within the first five minutes of play Emerson's offensive, opened by blocking a punt, swept South Bend off its feet, and scored the first touchdown. Capt. Edwards of South Bend having sworn to "put Gary's ears on the ground in the first half," tried to stage a rally. A long pass netted them 40 yards and hard line-plunging game them 10 more. The Emerson defense stiffened and with the ball on their one-yard line, held against four furious attempts to score by South Bend. The ball see-sawed over the field throughout the next two quarters, but in the last period Quinlan carried the ball across for Emerson's second touchdown. A few minutes later South Bend scored a touchdown off a pass but too late to do any damage. The game ended 14-7, Emerson taking a long step toward winning the Northern Indiana Championship.

On Wednesday, November 2nd, after school we met Mishawaka. The visitors had a heavy team, but could not stand before the line-plunging of Salmi and Haley, nor the long end runs of Sturtridge. The team seemed to go scoring crazy. One really had to have an adding machine to keep track of Emerson's num-

grous touchdowns. In the last quarter Mishawaka did succeed in getting one touchdown through a fumbled punt. Emerson immediately retaliated with two more scores. When the points were all added up, it was found that Emerson had won, 51-7.

Two days afterward on Saturday, we met East Chicago. Their team consisted of one hard-hitting fullback called Zivich, and he surely could hit the line. For the first time this season, the team could not score through the line and were forced to resort to their aerial offensive. The visitors were bewildered at the turn the game had taken, and were unable to break up or solve our passing game. Their failure to do this resulted in our winning, 23-0.

On the following Saturday we traveled to Hammond to meet our old enemy. "How had the mighty fallen!" The speed and driving playing of the days of Cearing was gone, and they were not given a chance to score. There was not even a flash of the old speed that had made Hammond a hated and feared rival of the Steel City. On the other hand Emerson line-bucked, passed, and tackled in a way that swept her opponent off her feet. When the game ended, the scoreboard showed a 34 for Emerson and a goose egg for Hammond.

On the memorable date of November 19, Emerson met Froebel in the final game of the year. Neither team had been defeated during the season, and on this struggle depended the championship of Northern Indiana and possibly of the state. It had been rainy the night before, and the field was wet and soggy, but not enough to prevent good playing. The day was fairly bright and cold, and the bleachers were packed with rooters on both sides making enough noise to be heard for blocks away. The game began by Froebel's kicking off to Emerson. Mohardt

received the ball and advanced it 8 yards. A few line drives and then Wallace punted. Froebel attempted to gain, failed, tried to punt, was blocked, and Emerson recovered the ball. A pass, Ruman to Cavanaugh, netted the team 22 yards which left 12 to the last white line. Mohardt covered them in one cross-buck and Salmi kicked goal, making the score 7-0. Emerson kicked off, and after recovering a Froebel fumble, started for another touchdown. A line-drive placed the ball one yard from Froebel's goal. Only a penalty prevented the team from scoring a second touchdown. Salmi attempted a place-kick, but this was blocked, and thus Emerson lost a chance for scoring which would have won the game for her. During the remainder of the half the ball see-sawed between the two teams. Both fought hard and were determined to keep each other from scoring.

When the third quarter opened, Froebel determined to make a supreme effort to even the count. When Emerson punted the ball out of bounds on her own 40-yard line, their chance came. Piazza hit Emerson's line for 11 yards—one of the few real gains that Froebel made. Polk went through for 19 more, and succeeded in battling his way to our four-yard line. Here the Emerson defense stiffened, and with the same stonewall that had stopped South Bend dead hurled back three straight line-drives. In one last effort Polk threw the ball over the line to Levy for a touchdown. The fight now began; Froebel trying to keep Emerson from scoring in spite of the latter's frantic efforts. They might just as well have tried to stop a cyclone. Time after time Emerson battled her way to within scoring distance only to lose the ball through bad luck. The line played a magnificent game both on the offense and defense. Haley's playing was wonderful. Again and again he tore through Froebel's line for as much

as 10 to 15 yards at a time. Sturtridge's end runs were spectacular as was Mohardt's tackling. The whole team was a line of fire from end to end, but never could they quite come within scoring distance. At last the climax came. With the ball on Froebel's 20-yard line, and but a few seconds to play, Salmi received the ball from the center, took a step, and passed just as the final whistle blew. Twenty-two yards away, a Froebel player tried to knock it down, but the ball caromed off his arm into Cavanaugh's. He dropped behind the goal posts, and the game was won. The crowd rushed on the field, asking who had really won and Cahn, the referee made the following statement, "The score is 7-7. I will make no decision, however, until I see the other

officials." In a conference at the Emerson School later he conferred with the timekeeper umpire, and head-linesman and decided that Emerson won 13-7. Froebel protested, saying that he had made a decision on the field. In a conference between the coaches of the two schools it was decided that the score should remain 7-7. Whatever the score was, Froebel was outplayed. Tom Haley alone made 77 yards of straight line-driving. Emerson gained three times as much ground as Froebel by straight football and scored eight first downs against Froebel's three. The Emerson team was tied but not out-played.

JAY BONE, '22.



Men Who Wear the Varsity Sweater

*Salmi, *Haley, Sturtridge, Mohardt, Ruman, *Wallace, Spencer, Gourley, *Briggs, *Pickard, Dunleavy, Ramey, *Cavanaugh, *Sturgess.

*Men who drop out this year because of graduation or four years in High School.

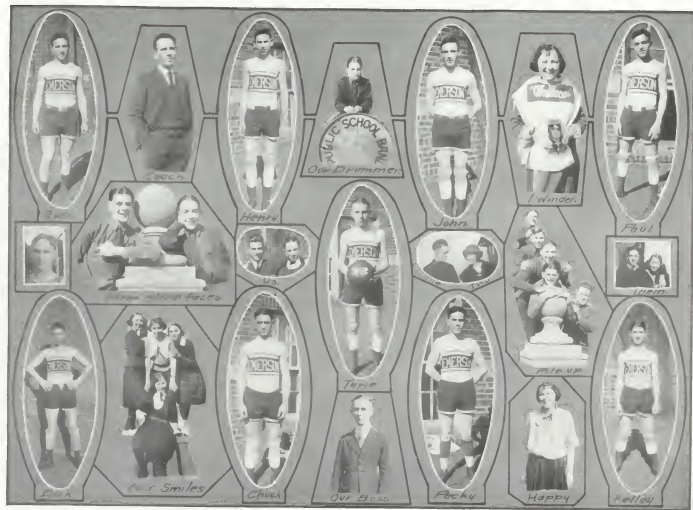
Men Who Wear the Small "E"

§Ahrens, §Robbins, §Isley, §Giley, §Kerr, §Hageman, Good, Considine, §J. Haley, Ross, Beattie, Kelso, Ralston, O'Brien, Smith, Heydorn, Fleming, Matts, Duke, E. Hardy, W Hardy, Mount, M. Mohardt, Diering.

§Men who "subbed" for the varsity but lacked enough quarters to give them the varsity sweater.



EMERSON FOOTBALL SQUAD





Varsity Basketball Team

1921-22 Basketball

In spite of the fact that Emerson did not win the sectional tournament this year, the season was a successful one. Out of twenty-one games played, we lost only eight. While this in itself is not such a remarkable record, it is a tribute to Emerson's defense that only two games were lost by over four points, one by five and the other by six points. Only one game was dropped on our home court and that to Whiting, our strongest opponent. Let us look to the men who made such a record possible.

When the season opened, Coach Erickson was faced with the problem of building a practically new team around the only two remaining regulars, Sturtridge and Robbins. Sturtridge is master at the center position and was out-jumped few times this season. He is the mainstay of the offensive machine and a dead shot from any position on the floor. He is the most watched man on the Emerson team, a fact which has caused the downfall of several teams, for Dick doesn't mind being watched a bit, and goes right ahead making field goals. Giley and Mohardt occupy the forward berths. Giley is another offensive player, and a dead shot from any position inside the (enemy's) foul line. When he gets the ball within that distance, the score usually changes two points. He has few betters in the art of handling the ball, and is a good defensive man. Mohardt's best work lies in his defensive playing. Despite his lack of height, he is a brilliant player and forms Emerson's first line of defense. Few times does his opponent get a shot with Paul a this heels. It was he, single-handed, who kept Wickhorst, the Whiting star, from getting one field goal in the Emerson-Whiting game at the

tournament. Next in line is Ruman, one of the flashiest floor guards in this part of the state. He is the trickiest dribbler breaker Emerson has ever produced, and many an expert dribbler has tried to get past him only to leave the ball in Ruman's hands. He is also an expert at this art himself, and his control of the ball is almost uncanny. Ruman never hesitates; his judgment is always quick and sure. Besides all this he is a deadly free thrower, and many times has given Emerson a much-needed point in the way. Last but not least is Captain Robbins, back guard. Robbins is a fighter and the mainstay of the Emerson defense. He surely can pick the ball off the backboard and few times does it land in alien hands. There are few follow-up shots while Tyrie is under the basket. Many teams this season were forced to adopt a long-shooting game because of this and Whiting was among them. Sackett, substitute forward, while a new man this year, shows some good form, and will probably be a dangerous man next year because of his shooting ability. Dunleavy, another new man, is another fighter. At back-guard he is almost as dangerous as Tyrie and will undoubtedly fill that position next year. He has the fighting quality and all he needs is experience. Kelso is another forward who will probably be a regular next year. Wallace, in spite of the fact that he is a green man, showed some good playing at guard and center. If he had been discovered a few years earlier, there is no doubt that he would have been a regular this year. D. Cavanaugh is another youngster who will probably wear the first team jersey next year.

Our first game (if it can be called such) was with Crown



EMERSON LIGHTWEIGHTS

Point, on November 23. There was not a regular who played, yet the substitutes held the Pointers, and were defeated only after two over-time sessions, 20-23. Our next game was at home with LaPorte. With all our regulars on the floor playing, they could not break up the Emerson offense and were smothered, 31-16. At East Chicago on December 9, we easily defeated the Twin City quintet 17-10. The next day we journeyed to Lowell and after some fighting received the large end of a 10-11 score. At South Bend we began a losing streak that did not stop until we met the State Champs on our floor. The Benders' gym was too large for our boys, who succumbed to the tune of 11-16. At Froebel we met the same fate because we were unable to locate the basket, but Froebel did not win easily, the score being 14-17. January 6th we received another beating at the hands of LaPorte in the latter's gym. On January 7 we met Franklin, the State Champions, in our own gym. Making a supreme effort to throw off their losing streak, the team fought hard and fast. To Sturtridge, however, belongs the credit of winning the game. He seemed to go shooting crazy, for nearly every shot he took went straight into the basket. Out of the 29 points scored by Emerson he, single-handed, scored 22, every point coming from field goals. In the first half he succeeded in getting six field goals and was a marked man throughout the second half. In spite of the close guarding of the desperate Franklin team he scored five goals from the field in this chapter, making a total of eleven ringers for the game. But even though Sturtridge was the scoring machine, it took some one to hold Franklin down, and the team nobly responded. In spite of terrific efforts on the part of Franklin their score was eight points short of tying Emerson's. The game ended 21-29. From then on Emerson never left off scor-

ing. Hammond was smothered by the Emerson offensive machine by the score of 40-14. At Valpo our opponents fared no better, the college town getting the small end of a 28-18 score. The fighting East Chicago team failed to stop Emerson and were soundly trounced 30-19. Even the fact that Michigan City nosed us out on their own floor 24-25 did not slow Emerson up—for the next week we defeated Brook on our floor. The visitors put up a hard fight, but Emerson proved her superiority by walking over them 26-16. Next we defeated Hammond on their own floor 30-24, using a good many second string men. At last we met our old rivals Froebel, on our own floor. The South-Siders put up a stiff scrap, but Emerson, with the memory of a football and a lost basketball game fresh in mind, was not to be denied and carried off the big end of a 26-18 score.

On Feb. 4 we journeyed to Whiting, determined to win. It was here that Emerson reached the climax of the season, for from the first whistle to the last, Whiting never had a chance to win. The powerful Emerson offensive swept them off their feet and they were dazed and shaken. True they proved dangerous once or twice, but the Emerson defense tightened, and they failed to break through for the necessary counters. The game ended 26-19.

Valpo met the same fate on Emerson's floor. The one-man team was fairly smothered by a score of 39-14. The next victim was Michigan City, on whom we avenged the defeat we received by them early in the season. The fact that three regulars were on the bench and that Emerson did not start until the visitors had scored 10, did not bother the "subs," who defeated the City quint in a very businesslike way, 25-21. Whiting was our next guest and to them we lost the only game dropped on the home

floor. Emerson fought hard, but Wickhorst's eye was to much for them. It was anyone's game up to the last minute, but Whiting slipped in two ringers that defeated us 18-22. In the last game before the tournament Brook defeated Emerson 12-18. It was an even game but in a final spurt in the last three minutes Brook shot in the winning baskets.

Then came the tourney at Valpo. By an unlucky coincidence our first game was with Whiting. It was in every respect the best game of the sectional. Both teams were in top notch form and the game was a hard one. Unable to break through Emerson's defense, Whiting was forced to shoot over it and a few lucky counters proved Emerson's downfall. The team never left off fighting, and many times the outcome was in doubt. With but one minute to play, Whiting slipped in a basket which made the score 9-12. Even this did not stop Emerson, for Sturtridge

put in a counter from three-quarters of the floor. There was not time for the winning basket, however, and we were nosed out by an 11-12 score.

Men Who Wear B. B. "E"

Sturtridge
Ruman
Giley
Mohardt
Robbins
Dunleavy
Sackett
Wallace
Kelso

Men Who Wear Small "E"

Gerdes
Hardy
Isley
V. Cavanaugh
D. Cavanaugh
Spencer
Kerr
Rothschild

JAY BONE, '22.



Class Basketball

SENIORS

Friedlander (Capt.)
Fabianski
Goldman
Salmi
St. John
Sanderson
Keserie
Bone
Springberg

SOPHOMORES

Flannery (Capt.)
Hardy
Giley
Crowthers
Hall
Bohman
Fleming
Care
Ecklund
Davis

Tibbs

Eberhardt

JUNIORS

Heilstedt (Capt.)
O'Brien
Isley
Hageman
Spencer
Hodges
Deck

Mages
Brown

FRESHMEN

Goldman (Capt.)
Ralston
Thompson
Deutch
Cavanaugh
Donahy
Kreuger

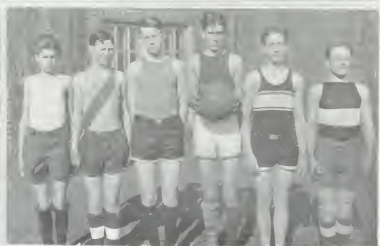
CLASS BASKETBALL TEAMS



Senior
Sophomore



Junior
Freshman



Class Basketball Standings

	Games	W.	L.	Pct.
Sophomores	14	9	5	.642
Seniors	13	7	6	.538
Freshmen	13	7	6	.538
Juniors	12	3	9	.250

1922 Track

The prospects for the track season for 1922 look unusually brilliant, for not only have we the veterans of last year, but the squad has added a new miler, Barnum, who looks like a competent man, and has shown himself to be no slow runner.

In the class track meet of this year Sturtridge stood out as individual point winner, winning a total of 28 points out of the 65 points which the Juniors annexed. The Seniors were their closest competitors with a total of 25. Sturtridge will undoubtedly enter the high hurdles, broad-jump, and high-jump for Emerson in the coming track meets.

Briggs and Spencer are two veteran half and quarter-milers upon whom Emerson is depending for two first places in the county and Northern Indiana meets. Goldman will probably

run the hundred and two-twenty for Emerson this year, as he is showing a great improvement over last year's work. Salmi will enter for the low hurdles. Stedman, another "vet", will figure in the relay. Besides these there are Mohardt, a hundred-yard man, Isley a quarter-miler, and McArthur, who look like good material.

Emerson is holding a five-angled track meet composed of Emerson, Froebel, East Chicago, LaPorte, and Senn, which we ought to be able to win. There is little doubt that we shall annex the county meet which will be held at Gleason Park this year. Emerson also stands a good chance for placing in the Northern Indiana. There are also the state and Stagg meets at which Emerson will probably be represented.

JAY BONE, '22.



TRACK TEAM



GIRLS' CLASS BASKETBALL TEAMS

Senior
Sophomore

Junior
Freshman

Girls' Athletics

During the year 1921-1922 the girls' department of athletics has been quite active. The program of the year is a varied one.

In the fall many of the girls took part in the hockey tournament. The tournament, however, was not completed on account of the cold weather late in the fall. The games that were played were:

Seniors and Juniors, 1 to 0 in the Juniors' favor.

Sophomores and Freshmen, 5 to 0 in favor of the Sophomores.

Juniors and Freshmen, 3 to 0 in the former's favor.

Seniors and Sophomores, 1 to 1.

We expected the Seniors to win the championship, but this expectation was nipped in the bud in our first games. There is a tie between the Juniors and Sophomores for this honor.

The members of the class teams were:

Senior Team

Gk. Marguerite McNeill, Capt.	C. For. Martha Taylor
R. F. Inez Carr	R. In. Beatrice Nesbit
L. F. Geraldine Onson	L. In. Elsie Huberth
C. H. Crystal Fisher	R. W. Dorothy Verplank
R. H. Winifred Iliff	L. W. Helen Fogler
L. H. Naomi Bowers	

Substitutes: Hazel Knotts, Irene Forsythe, Mary Esther Ransel.

Junior Team

G. K. Margaret Bailey	C. For. Gertrude Greenwald,
R. F. Berdena Troutman	Capt.
L. F. Helen King	R. In. Ruth Johnson
C. H. Mary Alice Kendrick	L. In. Edna Bowler
R. H. Ellen Rooda	R. W. Helen Meger
L. H. Katherine Brooks	L. W. Beatrice James
Substitutes: Martha Pisor, Harriet Hanley, Wilna Davidson, Katherine Treadway.	

Sophomore Team.

G. K. Margaret Mountain	L. H. Isabel Curtis
R. F. Geraldine Cashion, Capt.	C. For. Ivy Hinshaw
L. F. Helen Newton	R. In. Emma Lakin
C. H. Janice Riley	L. In. Cecelia Karbowski
R. H. Norma Blank	R. W. Sunbeam Pendleton
	L. W. Lyndall Wilson
Substitutes: Bonnie Mae Ridgely, Beatrice Figge, Verlie Clark.	

Freshman Team.

G. K. Violet Bergman	L. H. Viola Anadell
R. F. Isabel Lucas	C. F. Catherine Thompson, Capt.
L. F. Ilo Seitz	R. In. Ruth Kohl
C. H. Inez Hafey	L. In. Ruth Shattuck
R. H. Malinda Hardenbrook	R. W. Marian Carr
	L. W. Jennie Hodges
Substitutes: Pauline Summers, Katherine Jenks, Ruth Osborne, Alice Howard.	

The basketball season is one of the most interesting for the girls. We may not have much science in our games, but we have fun doing our best at it. The members of the teams were:

Senior Team

R. G. Helen Fogler
L. G. Marguerite McNeill
L. F. Martha Taylor
R. F. Lillian Heflich
R. C. Inez Carr
J. C. Geraldine Onson
Substitutes: Crystal Fisher,
Elsie Huberth, Edna Fuller.

Sophomore Team

R. G. Beatrice Figge
L. G. Emma Lakin
R. F. Margaret Mountain
L. F. Sunbeam Pendleton
R. C. Louella Armitage
J. C. Evelyn Anderson
Substitutes: Helen Newton.

Junior Team

R. G. Helen King
L. G. Verona Klunder
L. F. Helen Crabill
R. F. Julia Childs
R. C. Beatrice James
J. C. Edna Bowler
Substitutes: Gertrude Green-
wald, Irene Parsons, Margaret
Bailey.

Freshman Team

R. G. Violet Bergman
L. G. Malinda Hardenbrook
L. F. Dorothy Hayn
R. F. Ruth Kohl
R. C. Katherine Bassett
J. C. Ilo Seitz
Substitutes: Fern Green,
Harriet Larkin, Georgiabelle
Plum.

In the class tournament the games turned out as they were expected to, for once. The scores were as follows:

Senior-Junior game, 30 to 6, in favor of the Seniors.
Senior-Sophomore game, 33 to 17, in favor of the Seniors.
Senior-Freshman game, 44 to 6, in favor of the Seniors.

Junior-Sophomore game, 14 to 11, in favor of the Juniors.
Junior-Freshman game, 38 to 6, in favor of the Juniors.
Sophomore-Freshman game, 26 to 8, in favor of the Sophies.

The summary is:	Games Won	Games Lost
Seniors	3	0
Juniors	2	1
Sophomores	1	2
Freshmen	0	3

When one writes down the bare facts, one leaves out many of the thrills and exciting places in the games. But we all remember some of them anyhow. On the Senior team, Martha Taylor was the one who did most to win victories. She is one of the best forwards the girls have had in several years. All the players were good even unto the inexperienced "Freshies."

We played a few games of indoor baseball, but these games were not of such interest as the basketball and hockey. The Juniors beat in every game too. When they played against the Seniors, they won by a score of 29 to 19. In the spring the girls play baseball outdoors, but teams are not chosen from the different classes. At this time of year all the girls are getting ready for the May festival.

For several years past there have been tennis tournaments. Last year, 1921, Martha Taylor won the championship. There were a few exciting games in this tournament. In the finals the battle was very close and also very hot between Martha and Julia Childs. The tournament promises to be interesting this year, too, but the results were not known in time for publication in this Annual.

Marguerite McNeill, '22.



society

Society

Thursday, October sixth, a delightful party was held at the home of Marjorie Wilson. It was rather like a premature Halloween party. The house was decorated in gold and black. Delicious refreshments were served after an evening of dancing. Evelyn Willis, Virginia Chase, Lillian Heflich, Mary Milteer, Marjorie Tucker, and Sam Ruman, Frank Sibley, Laddie Wilson, Alvin Wood, Tyrie Robbins, and Sanford Aldrich were there to help proclaim the evening a great success.



The first social event of the season was a party given by the Faculty on October thirty-first in the girls' gymnasium. The decorations of autumn leaves, corn shocks, and lighted pumpkin heads were exceedingly pretty. Artificial autumn leaves were formed in a bower over the "gym," which, when the wind blew through them, gave one the feeling of being under real trees. And guess what? They say at the far end of the "gym" three GHOSTS watched the proceedings of the entire evening. It was a delightful and most successful party. Everyone went home happy, with Hawkins' music ringing in his ears. We all appreciated the thoughtfulness of the Faculty in arranging this pretty party.



On November tenth, as a pre-armistice celebration the Senior Class entertained the high school at a hard-times dance. All the old decorations of dances given by the class of '22 in previous

years were used. Many different scenes were recalled when the happy dancers looked from one type of decoration to another. The music was furnished by a victrola, which had on it an amplifier contrivance. The punch was really good, (not at all hard-time). Before the evening was over, everyone agreed that hard time clothes helped to increase the fun.



Sanford Aldrich entertained a few of his friends, on December tenth, at an informal party at the home of his parents, 715 Madison Street. A program of dancing was followed by a delicious luncheon, served by Mrs. Aldrich.



January fourteenth was the day on which Marjorie Wilson entertained Mary Milteer, Lillian Heflich and Marjorie Wilson at a luncheon at the Old Town Club in Chicago. In the afternoon the girls attended the performance of the Follies at the Colonial.



The Junior Class entertained the upper classmen at a very lovely dance on February twenty-second. The gymnasium was very appropriately decorated in American Flags. The dancing began at 8:30 o'clock. The Harmonizers furnished the music. About seventy-five couples were present, and about one hundred fifty people remarked what a lovely evening it had been.

The Sophomore Class entertained the dignified (?) upper classmen at an informal dance on March seventeenth. The decorations, in harmony with the day, were green. A good-sized crowd attended.



On April first, Eileen Sibley, Martha Pisor, Ellen Rooda, Ruth Johnson, and Wilna Davidson entertained about twenty

of their friends at a most exciting April Fool's Stag Party. The party was held at the Sibley home on 559 Monroe Street. A lovely luncheon was served late in the evening. Games, dancing, and general good times during the evening, helped them to work up their appetites.

Lillian Heflich, '22.

The 1921 Football Banquet

On Saturday evening, December 3rd, at 6:30 o'clock, forty-two members of the Emerson first and second teams, Principal E. A. Spaulding, Coaches Gilroy, Brasaemle, and Erickson, Mr. Snyder, and the Emerson yell leaders, Bobbie Douglas and M. Fabianski, marched forth into a "paradise of eats," the occasion being the annual football banquet given by the Faculty and the student body. Coach Erickson acted as toastmaster and held the seat of honor at the center of the huge "E"-shaped table. After the fruit cocktails had disappeared, Captain Salmi told "How it feels to be captain of a championship team." Following the toastmaster's usual joke, Coach Brasaemle talked on "The success of the season." The "Harmonious Four" consisting of "Prof." Snyder, "Sammie" Ruman, "Classie" Kelso, and "Fat" Ramey, entertained with a few humorous selections.

By this time there was "turkey in the air" ascending from the kitchen and the two-day appetites which had entered the banquet hall grew to great two-week starvations. Turkey for three,

mashed potatoes for four, sweet potatoes for three and dressing for a small family—all on one plate—all for one person. And the hot biscuits! Well, after the shock, Spencer, Wallace, Dunleavy, Sturgess, Tom Haley, and Joe Haley, were chosen to speak before the feasters. All went well until Joe Haley suggested that Bob Ahrens explain that one mysterious topic of the evening concerning the "wood pussy" and the disappearance of Bob's bright red sweater. It is enough to say that the mystery was cleared, but not without "time out to shed tears."

Principal Spaulding and Coach Gilroy then talked to the boys. Someone called signals and in marched the waitresses with ice cream and cakes. The boys then called for a word from the hostesses, Mrs. Pickard, Mrs. Spaulding, and Miss Newton. Following Mr. Snyder's talk on "Boosting the team" Sam Ruman was elected captain of the 1922 first team and Clarence Kelso of the 1922 second team.

ROBERT AHRENS, '23

Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

- 6—Back again. Look out or my sunburn!!
- 7—First Board of Control meeting.
- 16—The R. O. T. C. have donned their khaki.
- 16—First Senior class meeting ends in a dead lock.
- 19—Hurrah! We are all going to the Fair at Crown Point on Wednesday.
- 20—Diphtheria epidemic in Crown Point. No fare (fair) for us!
- 24—We beat Valpo 19-0. O, how it did rain!

OCTOBER.

- 1—Kentland falls before our mighty football heroes, 32-7.
- 7—No school today. The teachers all have a big time, including a fish fry.
- 11—It tried to snow today—but it didn't.
- 12—First Wednesday afternoon dance. Big attendance.
- 13—We're all glad to have Martha with us again.
- 13—The Emerson Commercial Law Club was formed today.
- 15—We beat South Bend, 7-14. Big dance after the game.
- 17—Tyrie Robbins comes back with his arm in a sling.
- 22—A big crowd went to Rensselaer to watch Emerson win.
- 28-14. Fifteen rahs for Emerson!!!

- 24—Get busy to nominate candidates for Board of Control.
- 29—Mishawaka game called off on account of rain. No dance either.
- 31—Dale Good comes out with a new Green Ford.

NOVEMBER.

- 2—Who ever said Mishawaka had a team? We beat them, 51-7. Big dance after the game.
- 3—Lots of campaigning going on around school. Lucky for Clayton that we piled up such a high score in our last game. Wonder why??? Yes, that's it!!
- 5—We beat East Chicago in a good stiff game, 23-0.
- 8—Election today. Congratulations, Briggs!
- 9—Good attendance at our regular Wednesday afternoon dance.
- 10—The Seniors give a very successful Hard Times Dance.
- 11—We are dismissed from school in honor of the day, and we had a real blizzard, just for our benefit.
- 12—Today Hammond bowed to Emerson.
- 15—Ex-Senator Beveridge spoke to a high school assembly this morning.
- 19—Emerson shows Froebel her superiority at Gleason Park today.
- 21—Everything is up to "Bobby" Kahn.

- 23—Emerson won the Emerson-Froebel declamatory contest.
- 28—Back at school after a nice Thanksgiving vacation.
- 28—First hour Senior English class forms a club.
- 29—Senior girls revert to childhood, and to school with their hair in braids, and huge hair bows.

DECEMBER.

- 1—Lillian H. carried a want "ad" on her shoulder. Embarrassing? Well, I guess!
- 1—Rotary club gave the football boys a big banquet.
- 2—Our first basketball game of the year with Laporte. We showed them up, 16-31.
- 3—Emerson High gave the football boys a banquet.
- 7—Attendance picking up again at our Wednesday matinee dances.
- 8—Big fight in the boys' gym.
- 9—The Freshman class presented the play, "Bluebird." They'll give a good Senior play—some day.
- 10—Another victory at Lowell. Sh! 10-11.
- 12—Emerson Band gives a concert at the Orpheum.
- 13—Another fight in the boys' gym.
- 14—Coach gives out the new basketball jerseys.
- 15—Ten more days for Christmas shopping!
- 17—Too bad, team, that South Bend got the best of you! Better luck next time!

- 19—Congratulations to Tyrie, our new basketball captain.
- 19—A lecture day for us.
- 20—Emerson wins the Emerson-Froebel debate.
- 21—Just a register meeting today.
- 22—Tomorrow we play Froebel.
- 23—School closed.

JANUARY.

- 9—Back to work again.
- 10—Getting settled down again.
- 11—Report day! Horrors!
- 13—Yep, it's Friday 13, and we have a basketball game, 100-0. Hammond's no good. We beat them, 40-13.
- 14—Also Valpo is good for nothing. We beat them, 28-18.
- 17—Seniors were measured for their class rings today. Everybody was measured at least seven times to make sure that he made no mistake.
- 18—Beginners' class in dancing in the kindergarten, and a regular Wednesday dance in the "gym."
- 19—Topics of the day. Our dance of yesterday.
- 20—Cleaned up on East Chicago by a score of 18-36.
- 23—Why doesn't something exciting happen?
- 25—Girls B. B. tournament starts.
- 27—The B. B. team journeyed to Michigan City and removed them from the map by a score of 20-25.

- 30—Per usual—Nothing happened today!
 31—The sewing department had a style show.

FEBRUARY.

- 3—The Sophomore class presented the play "Robin Hood." We played Hammond and beat them 31-20.
 3—Last day of first semester.
 4—We played Froebel and beat them 23-15.
 6—The last semester for the honored (?) Seniors.
 7—By this time everyone has changed, and rechanged his program s'teen times. Who wasn't at school today? Ah, I know.
 10—Whiting fell before his mighty foe Emcrson by a score of 19-26.
 11—Emerson likewise beat Valpo by the small score of 14-39. (I mean Valpo's small score.)
 12—Flags flying for Lincoln's birthday.
 13—The Senior class discussed the Hunt this evcning.
 17—Big mass meeting. Whiting gives Emerson a surprise. Secret.
 21—The Senior Play Books arrived.
 22—Today we had—no school.
 22—Just to be sociable the Juniors gave a dance.
 23—The try-outs for the Senior Play begin.
 27—All Seniors are patiently waiting. For the cast of course. How stupid!
 28—All hail Johnnie, our hero!!!

MARCH.

- 3—Tournament starts!
 5—I guess about all the team have broken training by now.
 6—Evcrvone had the weeps today. Ask me!! I know.
 8—Lots of people get their pictures taken.
 9—Lillian, John, and Dale are unsuccessful in trying to take some pictures. Several members of the Faculty object.
 11—Whiting does credit to our district.
 13—No blue Monday this week.
 15—Dance.
 17—A distinct flashing of the green today.
 24—Why did the Seniors have a class meeting?
 24—A few boys and girls, and a member of the Faculty journey to Northwestern U.
 27—Another Senior class meeting. Looks bad. "Dick" Sturtridge elected B. B. captain for next year.
 28—Juniors hold class meeting. 'They're all excited. Hunt soon?
 29—Well, we had the hunt. Intermediate point, pig farm, and hot dogs.
 30—The boys had a little tussle after school in the hall.
 31—An unexpected preliminary wrestling match was held in the main lower hall this afternoon.

APRIL.

- 1—The final wrestling match was held in the afternoon.

- 3—Earl Kiddie had his hair marcelled. Hontus, he did!
- 4—The boys have their baseball practice of the season.
- 5—Semi-finals of declamatory contest were held today.
- 6—Part of the Senior play cast "bumped" their way to Michawaka to see "Mice and Men."
- 7—Girls' final declamatory contest.
- 8—School cross-country. Bishop springs surprise and wins.
- 10—Sanford seen talking to a girl. Page Helen!
- 14—Boys' final oratorical contest.
- 15—City cross country. Mr. Barnum takes the cup for this year.

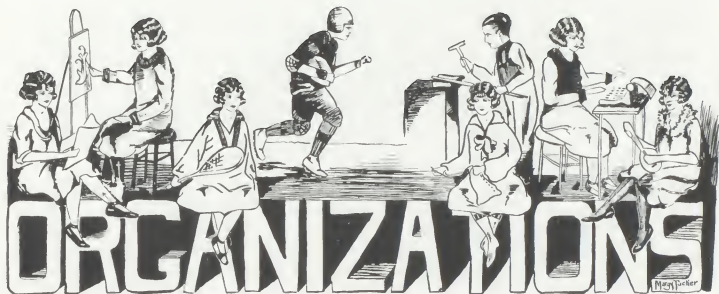
- 15—Our baseball team journeyed to Lowell, and lost by the close score of 7-8.
- 20—Editor of the "American Boy's Magazine" delivered a delightful lecture to the high school students.
- 21—Lake County Oratorical Contest.
- 22—Inter-class track meet at Gleason Park.
- 24—Senior class rings arrive.
- 28—Senior class present "Mice and Men."

MAY.

- 20—Junior-Senior prom.

Lillian Heflich, '22.







THE EMERSON BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Emerson Board of Control

On November eighth the annual election of the Emerson Board of Control was held. Clayton Briggs was elected president, with Frank Quinlan as vice president, and Matthias Fabianski as yell leader. The Senior class elected Mary Esther Ramsel and Dale Good as class representatives. Theodora Estes and Robert McArthur were elected by the Juniors; Eugene Ramey and Dorothy Ward by the Sophomores; while Gerald Hanlan and Laura Lyons were elected by the Freshman class.

Mary Esther Ramsel was appointed secretary and the new committee chairmen were appointed. Robert Pickard was appointed chairman of the Athletics Finance Committee; Jay Bone, chairman of the Eligibility Committee; Russell St. John, chairman of the Booster Committee; Helen Fogler, chairman of the Social Committee; and David Stanton, chairman of the Building and Grounds Committee. Since much of the work of the Board is carried on through these committees, it is necessary that good chairmen be chosen.

The Athletics Finance Committee has done very good work. Its official duty is to account for all of the athletics expenditures. It has kept all of the varsity teams properly equipped, and has issued money to carry on the spring activities.

The Eligibility Committee has seen that the eligibility reports are in on time. It also checks the eligibility of the athletes and those taking part in other school activities.

We owe our school spirit to the Booster Committee. It is

through this committee that the school spirit and enthusiasm is kept up. The Booster Committee has posted signs advertising the games and all the other activities. It has called the mass meetings, sold tickets, and has supplied ushers to all of the school events.

The Social Committee is also very busy. It has given the Wednesday evening dances, and has helped with the other school dances. Members of the committee have met the visiting teams at the train and have seen that they were cared for. When students become ill, members of the committee call on them or send them flowers. It is also their duty to look after new members entering the school.

Everyone has noticed the improvement of the hall order. This is some of the work of the Building and Grounds Committee, which also sees that the halls and washrooms are kept clean. This committee acts in a judicial capacity, too, and has the right to punish the violators of its law.

The Board of Control holds its meetings on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month. After every meeting the minutes are posted on the bulletin board so that the student body can see what the Board is doing. This year has been a great one for the Board of Control. The student body has backed it and has helped to prove that this system of school government is a success.

Clayton Briggs, '22.



BOARD OF CONTROL COMMITTEES
Building and Grounds

Boosters

Social

Athletics Finance
Eligibility



RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

The Emerson R. O. T. C.

The last year has been an interesting one for the boys in the Emerson R. O. T. C. With Major Edwards in charge of the Gary Unit, and Captain Bullock, assisted by Sgts. Wilcox and Robinson, at the head of the Emerson battalion, great improvement in the routine has been made. The cadet officers appointed were Frank Stimson, Captain of Co. A., with Lynn Ferris and William Wirt, 1st and 2nd Lieutenants, respectively. Clayton Briggs was appointed Captain of Co. B. with Sanford Aldrich as 1st Lieutenant, and John Isley as 2nd Lieutenant.

The regular training was taken up as soon as school began. More interest was taken in the work because it was better planned and there was not the old monotony of squads east and west. Gallery practice rifles and ammunition were sent here, and rifle teams were organized. With very little practice we were entered in the Fifth Corps Area Rifle Match. After that a rifle club was organized. The members of the club consisted chiefly of Juniors with the Faculty as honorary members. The members

of the club practice on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings.

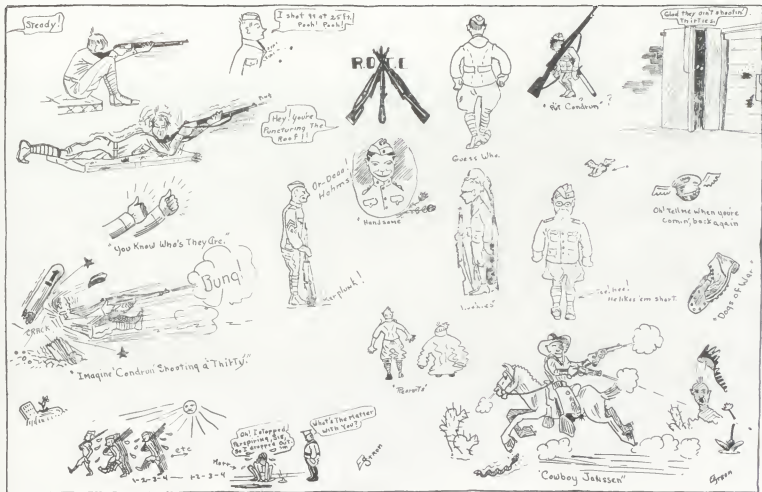
On April 8th the Emerson Unit put on its first public exhibition of the year. This was successful and showed a decided improvement in the drilling.

On each Wednesday afternoon, providing that the weather permitted, a parade was held at Emerson and at Froebel school in turn. These parades have been very successful, and have created much interest.

The latest achievement of the Emerson battalion is the Cadence System. This system makes a snappy drill, and keen interest is being taken in it by the boys. When this is fully learned, the Emerson Battalion of R. O. T. C. should be able to cope with any other unit in the Fifth Corps Area, and surely will be given a high rank by the government military inspectors.

Cadet Captain Clayton B. Briggs.







AUDITORIUM LEAGUE

The Emerson Auditorium League

The Auditorium League was organized two years ago in the high school Auditorium periods, its purpose being to promote interest in debate, oratory, declamation, parliamentary usage, topical discussions, current events, and so on, by making the widest possible use of the Auditorium stage and platform on the part of the pupils themselves.

The motto of the league is "Carry On." The membership is composed of Auditorium students who are in good standing.

The officers of this society consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. These officers are elected for two months. The important committees are the program committee, critic committee, executive committee, and "booster" committee. Each committee consists of three members from the high school Auditorium, elected by the student body. They decide by lot the student to serve twenty-six weeks, and the person to serve thirty-nine weeks.

The committees and officers from the high school auditoriums form a central council which elects by ballot the general officers of the Auditorium League. This council holds its regular business meetings once every month. The Auditorium program of the league is given every two weeks in the Auditorium. The program committee has charge of the program and sees that students are chosen from the Auditorium.

The Auditorium League has conducted the contests between the Emerson and Froebel schools. The debating team of 1922 consisting of Elsie Huberth, Helen Fogler, Joseph Laube, and Edna Fuller, won the annual debate. The trophy presented to the winning team was a gavel stand. The declamatory team, consisting of Robert McArthur, Harold Alschuler, Lillian Heflich and Ivy Hinshaw, also won honor, Robert McArthur winning first place. A suitable trophy will be presented for this victory as soon as one can be secured. These contests are held alternately at Froebel and Emerson.

The Emerson Auditorium League has presented a number of interesting, worth-while, and educational programs. Among them have been those of Settlement Houses, Who's Who in America, Original Hallowe'en Play, Sight Reading Contest, Christmas Customs in Various Lands, Educational Systems of Different Countries, Magazine Program, Reveries of a Bachelor, Shakespearean Program, May Day Play, Annual Senior Program, and a Mock Circus.

The Auditorium League has been invaluable in teaching organization and in developing the students in the various phases of public speaking by making the widest possible use of the Auditorium stage and platform.

HELEN FOGLER.



LAKE COUNTY CONTESTANTS



AUDITORIUM LEAGUE CONTESTANTS



BOYS' SENIOR ENGLISH CLUB

The Boys' Senior English Club

Last September the students who formerly composed the Boys' Junior English Club met with Miss Brownfield to form the Boys' Senior English Club. Everyone was very enthusiastic over the work of the year and lost no time in getting started. The members chose Mr. Dierking as their first executive for the year. The other officers of the first administration were: Mr. MacArthur, vice-president; Mr. Briggs, secretary; and Mr. Lightbody, Parliamentarian. The Club chose room 308 as their class room for the year and met there every day at 10:15.

The Club boasted several members on the football team; Mr. Briggs, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Pickard, who received sweaters for their work on the team.

During the next administration, which consisted of Mr. Wallace, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Considine, and Mr. Aldrich, the Club took up the study of "Heroes and Hero Worship," by Carlyle, and "Self Cultivation in English," by Palmer, and received much help and instruction from their work.

The next administration began with a program at Jefferson School before the teachers of the Gary Schools. Some members possessing musical talent sang, and then the Club was called to order and the regular program in "David Copperfield" was presented. This program was similar to what the Club had every day in the class room and not an exhibition, and the Club was highly complimented on its good work. During this administration, which was composed of Mr. Ahrens, Mr. Ross Sibley, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Martin, the B. S. E. C. debating team, consisting of Mr. Dierking, Mr. Sensibar and Mr. Diamond, triumphed over the Senior English Club team in a close debate, on the question, "Resolved: That loyalty to one's country is of greater

importance than loyalty to humanity at large."

The Boys' Club won other victories during the year. Mr. MacArthur received first place in the Froebel-Emerson Declamatory Contest, and during the whole year the Boys' Senior English Club did very creditable work. During Mr. Pickard's administration in which Mr. Martin, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Stimson held office, the Club was visited by Mr. J. J. Tigert, Federal Commissioner of Education, and at this meeting a program from Roosevelt's Writings was given. The members were planning to leave for the sectional basketball tournament at Valparaiso early that morning, but they stayed to present this program before Mr. Tigert.

Mr. Wallace represented the Club on the basketball team, and Mr. Fabianski was the yell leader for the school. The club was represented in all the branches of athletics and in all other school affairs. Some of the prominent members were the President of the Board of Control, the President of the Senior class, and the President of the Junior class. In the D. A. R. Roosevelt essay contest, the Club was represented by Mr. Hyman and Mr. Diamond, who were awarded second and third places respectively.

During the entire year you might find members of the Boys' Senior English Club in any of the activities of the school. The Club was represented on both sides of the Junior-Senior hunt; only three members being in the Junior Class.

The Club made a very good record during the year and, due to the efforts of Miss Brownfield and every fellow in the Club, it can be called a success.

ROBERT McARTHUR, '23.



LA SOCIEDAD DE ESPANOL

La Sociedad de Espanol

The Spanish Club of Emerson High School was reorganized this year, when a group of students met in room 210 and decided to retain last year's constitution. The following officers were elected for the remainder of the year:

President.....	John Symes
Vice-President.....	Vincent Cavanaugh
Secretary.....	Elsie Earlandson
Treasurer.....	Helen Fogler

It was decided that the dues should be set at fifty cents a semester, or ten cents a month.

The principal purpose of this Spanish Club is to further interest in the Spanish language and to study the life and customs of that nation from Southern Europe. Several meetings were held last year which every one enjoyed. Spanish songs were sung and conversation was carried on in Spanish. Refreshments were served after these social gatherings. The Spanish language is not to be studied merely as a school study from a text book, but also from a commercial point of view, as we know that in the future many trading interests of the United States will be vested in South America, where the Spanish language is spoken very extensively; and with the knowledge of Spanish obtained in the class room, and the study of their customs and life at these

social gatherings, our students will know something about the country and language with which the United States is dealing.

Ibanez, the great Spanish author, claims that no language has so great a future as Spanish. It is the official language of all South America and in order to understand the Spaniards and Spanish Americans it is necessary to understand their history, their national life, and their way of thinking. This knowledge is only gained, he says, by a thorough study of the Spanish language. He further states that one of the greatest pleasures which he has experienced has been to see the interest that the North American young people show in their study of his native tongue. The student of Spanish not only greatly increases his own wealth of knowledge, Ibanez asserts, but adds materially to the moral and commercial greatness of his country.

There are no set dates for the business meetings, but they are held regularly through the summons of the president. As yet we can boast of no great achievements as the club is comparatively young; but as it has in its enrollment, some of the brainiest students in the school, and is under the capable supervision of Mrs. Pickard, this organization shows signs of becoming one of the liveliest and best clubs in the school.

VINCENT CAVANAUGH, '22.



CLASSICAL CLUB

The Classical Club

In this history I might begin by telling you how much the club has grown since its beginning in '19 or by telling you how much money there is in the treasury in order to show you how the Classical Club has succeeded, but after all, is it the number of members or the financial standing of a club that makes it a success?

This year the Classical Club decided to become acquainted with the different churches, and so each month a different church was chosen as a place of meeting. Although we never got any higher than the basement in most of them and only into the parish house in some of them, we felt we had chosen "good" places to meet. The halls were all very comfortable and were good places in which to give programmes, serve refreshments, and dance.

The first meeting was held in Room 311 and the following officers were elected: President, Frank Stimson; Vice-President, Dorothy Verplank; Secretary, Merle Hodges; Treasurer, Sidney McClellan; Parliamentarian, David Stanton. For the second semester Eugene Ramey was elected President; Frank Stimson, Vice-President; Dorothy Verplank, Secretary; Sidney McClellan, Treasurer; and Helen Hay, Parliamentarian. It is easy to realize why we have had such a successful year with such officers to lead us.

The most successful thing about the club this year has been the programmes. Last year the programmes did not, although they were interesting, seem to hold the students as they should have done. With this condition it was not long before every one felt that there was something decidedly lacking. At the beginning of this year we decided to have some unusual programmes to arouse interest. The different Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil classes then began to prepare programmes. The Cicero class gave a play "Pyramus and Thisbe," based on Ovid's poem of the same name. The Caesar class gave a play about Roman school life, which was interesting and which every one enjoyed. Besides these plays we have had some very spirited debates on the merits of the Ablative Absolute and other points of Latin grammar and we have also had some well-prepared talks on Roman Life.

Another feature of the club has been a monthly newspaper edited by the different classes. The paper is in Latin and is written by the students. It contains school news, current events, jokes, and athletic news.

Most of us can now sing the first verse of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" in Latin and we have all learned a little, danced a little, and have eaten a little at our meetings during the year. And as they say, "A good time was had by all."

HELEN HAY, '22.



COMMERCIAL LAW CLUB

Emerson Commercial Law Club

The Emerson Commercial Law Club was organized last year by the 2:15 Commercial Law Class for the purpose of promoting interest in the subject, of broadening the knowledge of the members, of furthering the knowledge of parliamentary law and creating a bond of friendship among the members of the Club.

The club is conducted according to regular parliamentary rules. The officers of the club consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, and parliamentarian. The standing committees are the program committee, home-work committee, and investigation committee.

The socialized plan of recitation is far superior to the old plan of class work. The person giving a special topic not only gives what he learned from his text book but also the informa-

tion he has acquired from outside sources. This report is more interesting, broader, and more valuable to the student than the reports given under the old plan of class work. Following every report is a general discussion during which it is possible for any member to add points or to clear up some point not made clear in the report.

The Emerson Commercial Law Club has made the study of Commercial Law comparatively easy under the socialized plan of recitation. This alone would be an accomplishment to be proud of, but the club has accomplished far more than that. The club has created a bond of friendship among the members furthered the knowledge of parliamentary law, and broadened their knowledge of Commercial Law.

RAYMOND DUFF, '22.



MECHANICAL DRAWING

Drafting Department

Before vocational training had secured a foothold in the Gary school system, it was generally believed throughout the state that Mechanical Drawing could not be taught thoroughly to high school students. Mr. Yeager was not convinced by this prevalent opinion, and came to Emerson in 1912 with the sole purpose of proving his point of view. At present the Drafting Department of Emerson boasts of work that is equal in standard to Junior work produced in some colleges.

This department at first secured the limited financial support which a newly-installed department usually receives. The Board of Education had little faith in its progress, and its investments in equipment for the department were very meagre. Boxes were used for benches, its T-squares and triangles were crudely contrived in the Emerson cabinet shop and many necessities were entirely lacking. The growing department outlived all these embarrassments, however, and is now probably the best equipped high school drafting department in the whole state of Indiana.

Seven regular courses are offered: Architectural drawing, Machine designing, Estimating and Contracting, Plumbing drawing, Structural drawing, Topographical drawing, and Sheet Metal drawing.

The Emerson Drafting Department, like the athletic department, distributes "E's" at the end of each year, under the following requirements:

Regular "E"—

1. Two years of drafting with an average of 90 per cent for drafting with an average of 90 per cent for fourth term's work.
2. One year of successful English.
3. One year of successful Mathematics.

Special "E"—

1. One year of drafting with an average of 90 per cent for second term's work.
2. One year of successful English.
3. One year of successful Mathematics.

If a student has qualified under either of the above requirements, he is entitled to wear both letters.

We have seen the theoretical opportunities which the Drafting Department offers, but let us turn to the practical side of it. The Mechanical Drawing department of Emerson not only fosters the development in drawing, but it also develops the power of observation, shows the necessity for accuracy, develops the appreciation for art, and lastly, teaches one to think for himself.

ABE HYMAN, '22.



TYPEWRITING CONTESTANTS

Le Club Francais

Of the various organizations now existing at Emerson, Le Club Francais is the youngest. During the many years that French has been taught at Emerson no definite steps have ever been taken to organize a worthy French club. At the very beginning of school this year, Miss Richardson, with the aid of the 11-B French class, made arrangements for the organization of a club.

On October 27 the first regular meeting was held in the Auditorium. All preliminary business matters were dispensed with and officers were elected. Frank Quinlan was elected president; Leo Diamond, vice-president; Winifred Iliff, secretary; and Naomi Bowers, chairman of the program committee. It was also decided at that time that students having sixteen points or more in French and those having eight points with an average of eighty-five per cent should be eligible for membership; that meetings should be held every five weeks; and that the name of the organization should be Le Club Francais.

On November 9 and December 21, meetings were held at the Gary Public Library. At these meetings French readings, plays, and travel-pictures of France were presented to the interested audience. This custom was followed throughout the entire year.

The student who resorts only to class-room discussion for the study of a foreign language does not derive all of the benefits of the course. He does not develop to the fullest extent the faculty of thinking in that language or of acquiring a fluent conversational style. This French club was organized for the purpose of remedying these evils by prohibiting the use of English at the meetings; by teaching the student to use his knowledge in a practical way; and by advancing the knowledge of the French people, their customs, and their literature.

The increased attendance at each meeting is a good omen for the success of the club. It will progress each year until it will be one of the foremost organizations of our school.

LEO DIAMOND, '22.



SENIOR ENGLISH CLASS

Sewing

It is evident that the sewing department is popular by the overflow of its classes. That it is also a very instructive department I will try to show you.

The department is open to all high school girls. Freshman and Sophomore girls are required to make certain types of garments, in order to learn how to handle certain problems in sewing. Junior and Senior girls are supposed to have had enough experience to make what they wish.

Miss Sherer, our very able instructor, has especially emphasized this year, the making over of old garments. This is a very fine thing to be able to do, and also encourages thrift. It is surprising to know that the girls take as much pride in making over garments, as in the making of new, if not more. It is a better test of ability to be able to make over a garment, because it takes more skill to plan and cut the garment. Miss Sherer has let the girls as far as possible do the planning for made over garments. After they have done all they can, she helps them.

The girls are taught how to work over patterns, so that one pattern can be used to cut several different garments from it. This again encourages thrift. Each garment is cut under the personal supervision of Miss Sherer.

All garments that are made are hung in the front of the room for one day, so that all the sewing classes may be able to

see the type of work that is being done. This is incentive for the girls to do nice work, for they know the work will be examined by the girls of the other classes.

Four days a week are devoted to sewing, while one day a week is used for recitation. Subjects such as flax, cotton, silk, and wool are used for recitation work. This year, in addition, we have taken up the subject of textile analysis. We are studying this special topic for the purpose of learning how to buy intelligently. We have learned that different types of people require clothes made in different styles and from different materials. The same garments are not suitable to everyone.

This year the sewing department gave a sewing exhibit on Tuesday, January 31st. All the garments that had been made by the girls, up to that time, were exhibited.

Garments such as aprons, dresses, and kimonos were displayed in the Auditorium, in a style show. Garments that had been made for little children, or under garments, were hung in the sewing room, which was open to everyone.

Everyone was amazed to realize the type of work that is being done by the girls. Everyone agreed that the girls learn a great deal in the sewing department. They learn how to sew neatly, and how to handle sewing problems.

LILLIAN HELFLICH, '22.



EMERSON BAND



EMERSON ORCHESTRA



CONTEST CHORUS

The Emerson Music Department

The Emerson Music Department, under the supervision of Mr. M. E. Snyder, in the year 1922, did some of the most constructive work in its history. The Emerson Chorus maintained its usual standard by winning the Lake County Contest. Having won the shield in 1920 and 1921, the chorus went in to make it three straight years, and they did. The Emerson School now has a record of which no other high school in the state can boast. On account of the arrangement of the program, no opera could be given this year, but the 10:15 Auditorium and the regular music classes studied the cantata "Ruth" by A. R. Gaul.

The Emerson Band is the other big feature of the music department. The year 1922 has been the most successful in the history of the band. It has now grown to consist of seventy-five pieces. The instrumentation consists of fourteen cornets, twenty-eight clarinets, eight mellophones, eight saxophones, seven trombones, five E-flat basses, six small drums and one bass drum, three baritones, one oboe, and three piccolos.

Mr. Warren has worked very hard to make the band what

it is in Gary, and we think he has been duly rewarded for his efforts by the way that the band is received wherever it goes. Each year the band gives more concerts in better places. This year the band played at the Orpheum Theatre in Gary to an enthusiastic audience. A few months later the band played at the Parthenon Theatre in Hammond. Perhaps Gary and Hammond are rivals in sports, but it looked as if the whole town of Hammond was in the theatre listening to the concert. During football season, the band played at all of the home games and when the Emerson team played Rensselaer, the band went with the team through the courtesy of the Gary Street Railway, who paid all expenses. Each year the band gives two concerts, one in the fall and one in the spring.

About one hundred fifty boys are studying band instruments. Emerson now has three complete bands. The Music Department has recently added a teacher of strings and expects to have some excellent orchestras by another year.

RANDALL LIGHTBODY, '22.





Dramatics

"The play's the thing," each class found, as they presented their plays in turn. The Freshmen, under the direction of Miss Lynch, set a high standard with a very good presentation of seven scenes of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." The Sophomores, directed by Miss Paul, next presented "Robin Hood and the

Widow's Three Sons." Then the Juniors, directed by Miss Lynch, gave "Brown of Harvard." The last play of the year, and by right the best, was the Senior play, "Mice and Men," directed by Miss Paul. This completed a very successful year in dramatics.



The Freshman Play

Beatrice Nesbit

Mytyl and Tytyl, the wood-cutter's small girl and boy, are tucked in bed one night and left to sleep. An old lady comes who says she is the Fairy Berylune, but looks like their neighbor, Madame Berlingot. She wants the bird that is blue for her little sick girl, and asks them to hunt it, giving Tytyl a magic cap to aid them. The cap discloses the souls of things, showing a beautiful fairy instead of the old woman; Tylo, the dog, and Tylette, the cat, talk to them; Fire, in his red dress, rushes about; Milk, with her flowing robes and gentle face, weeps over the broken jug; and the souls of Water, Bread, Sugar, and Light, appear. The door of the grandfather clock opens and all the happy hours dance forth. Then they all leave on their quest, and when Daddy and Mummy Tyl look in, the room is quiet and dark, and they believe the children to be asleep.

The fickleness of the Cat, the faithfulness of the Dog, and the attitudes of the other Souls toward man are seen in the second act. The children arrive in the Land of Memory. The stage

is darkened, Granny and Gaffer Tyl just being seen, sleeping in front of their cottage. As the children approach, it becomes lighter and their grandparents awaken. They rejoice in seeing their grandchildren, and tell them they only awaken when people on earth think of them. Tytyl takes the blue bird he finds and the children leave, the stage darkening as they go.

This bird turns out to be a black bird, so they seek further in the Palace of Night where they learn all the mysteries of night. Most beautiful are the stars which shine, and the Will-o'-the-Wisps which dance for them in the changing light. One forbidden door is opened by brave Tytyl and faithful Tylo, and instead of horrors, many pretty blue birds are seen flying about, and a great number are caught.

As these birds die Mytyl and Tytyl travel on to the Kingdom of the Future, where many tiny children wait to be born. The large doors in the rear open, and a golden boat approaches. Father Time loads the boat with those whose time has come,

forcing some to leave and pushing others back. All much have something to take to earth. As the boat moves away, the song of the mothers coming out to meet them, is heard. Light, who thinks she has the blue bird, hurries the children away.

A year of unsuccessful search ended, Mytyl and Tytyl come back home. The Souls, who have done nothing but quarrel, return to their rightful silence.

The last scene shows the cottage of the first act, with Mytyl and Tytyl asleep. When Mummy Tyl awakens them, they cannot believe it was all a dream. Madame Berlingot arrives, and the children thinking her the Fairy, tell of their sad luck. Then they discover that Tytyl's bird is the Blue Bird, and they give it to Madame Berlingot for her sick daughter. In a moment she is back with the child, who is cured and wonderfully happy. As Tytyl shows her how to feed the bird, it escapes. The child is heart-broken, but Tytyl confidently turns to the audience and asks, "If any one of you should find him, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us?" And Mytyl adds, "We need him for our happiness, later on."

Many things made up the success of the play. The costuming was especially appropriate, being designed by Miss Lynch, so that just the right effect was produced. The girls in the cast made their own, and Virginia Moe helped greatly with the boys'. The setting showed very clever adaptation of available properties. The smaller properties were fitting being made by Freshmen under the direction of Mrs. Erickson. Lighting effects were very good, especially in the Land of Memory and Palace of Night scenes. The dances, taught by Miss Jones, were also very effective. Ninety-one dollars proved that the play was well sup-

ported. All these things, and the splendid work of all in the interpretation of the characters, made the Freshman play a big success.

CAST

Tytyl	Clarence Winrott	Dee Pinco
Mytyl	Jennie Hodges	Jessie Beatty
Daddy Tyl	Fred Hendrickson	
Gaffer Tyl	Stanley Rolston	
Mummy Tyl	Eileen Sibley	
Granny Tyl	Hazel Rearick	
Neighbor Berlingot	Linnea Eckholm	
Daughter of Neighbor	Marian Carr	
Fairy Berylune	Alice Webber	
Time	Fred Eibel	Aaron Seitz
Night	Thelma O'Connor	Elaine Welter
Light	Ruth Shattuck	Ruth Kohl
Dog	James Aldrich	Gerald Hanlan
Cat	Harry Davies	
Bread	John Hered	
Fire	Robert Miller	Claude Whiteman
Water	Katherine Range	
Milk	Katherine Jenks	
Sugar	William Sutherland	
Stars:	Vivian Decker, Roxie Dingman, Mary Ducrow, Frances Kerr, Lucile Welter, Hilda Faherty, Esther Kemrosky.	
Hours:	Thora Johnson, Elizabeth Meyer, Elsie Nelson, Pearl Oliver, Katherine Sprowls, Fern Green, Rosalind La Vie, Ruth Osborne, Jeanne Holland, Margaret Dorland, Catherine Basset, Winifred Holiday.	



ROBIN HOOD
SOPHOMORE PLAY

The Sophomore Play

The Sophomores turned jolly Robin Hood men when they presented "Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons."

A street in Nottingham is seen in the first act, with the Widow's house on one side, and her neighbor's on the other. Little flower plots in front of each lend gay color to the scene. The fair is in progress, and a farmer comes to sell his cheese. He hears the three sons tell the Widow that they are going to Sherwood forest, and suspects they will kill the King's deer. The Widow is the only one who is kind to Robin Hood, when he comes to the fair, and hides him from the Sheriff. The countryman tells the Sheriff she has fooled him, and also that her sons have gone to Sherwood.

In the second act the sons are seen in Sherwood forest. A deer is shot, and they are immediately caught by the sheriff's men. Robin Hood's men could have saved them, but allow them to be taken off to town, and then have an archery contest. It is won by Robin Hood, in disguise, which creates much merriment. The fun stops when Robin Hood learns that the Widow's sons have been caught, and he leaves for town to prevent the hanging. A beggar provides a disguise this time, and by pretending to be deaf, obtains a good sum for his rags. Robin

Hood's men leave by another road, in order to be there when he calls for them.

He arrives at the fair just as the sons are to be hanged, and so acts as hangman. He really loosens their bonds, and then calls his men. The sons are then restored to their mother, Robin Hood reminding her that, "Robin Hood never forgets."

The spirit of the play was delightful. It was brought out in the fresh, colorful costumes of the maids at the fair, the Lincoln green breeches and brown leather jerkins of the Robin Hood men, the free sport of the Robin Hood men, and the good acting of all. The archery contest was such fun, the fair scene lively and realistic, and the hanging skillfully managed. Alice Bitner's playing and acting as the Blind Boy, Emma Lakin's dancing as the Gypsy dancer, and George Hall's singing as the Beggar, won much applause. The Widow, her neighbor, Sheriff, and Robin Hood, did especially good work in their difficult parts. The choice of play, adaptation to the stage, the finished individual part blending of the whole cast was due to Miss Paul's careful work, and much praise was rightfully given her.

BEATRICE NESBIT, '22.



BROWN OF HARVARD
JUNIOR PLAY

The Junior Play

"Tom Brown's body is alive and feeling good,
Tom Brown's body here's fact that's understood,
Tom Brown's body has a head that's made of wood,
As we go marching on."

And in march Tom and his pals. The find Tom's "roomie," Madden, cramming with a tutor, a poor classmate, Gerald Thorne. They have no time to be courteous to Thorne when Tom announces that Evelyn Kenyon, Mrs. Kenyon, and Edith Sinclair are coming to tea. Madden leaves unceremoniously, and Tom dismisses Thorne rather brusquely, so that when later Cartwright, secretary of the Lend-a-Hand Club, asks for money for Thorne, who has given his sister Marian his money and is working his way through school, Tom offers to give Thorne a monthly allowance, partly to ease his conscience. Cartwright promises to keep it quiet, so that Tom will not get the reputation of being an Andrew Carnegie. Wilfred Kenyon, Evelyn's good-for-nothing brother, asks Tom for money to get him out of a difficulty with Colton, an old college man who runs a gambling house. Tom gives him a check and Kenyon helps himself to two blank ones, Tom not discovering it until later. Just after Kenyon leaves, Marian Thorne comes looking for him, and when she hears Tom's tea guests coming, hides in Tom's bedroom!

Poor Tom is rather "fussed," and the party is further spoiled for him by one of his friends, Thurston's, close attention to Eve-

lyn Kenyon. During the fun they decide to lock Tom in his room, but when they open the door Marian Thorne steps out!

In the second act, Kenyon and Blake, Colton's representative, talk over Kenyon's need of money, and Blake tells of a money-making scheme. On the morning of the Harvard-English boat race, Thorne's sister is to disappear. Thorne, the best man on the crew, will naturally leave to search for her; the English will then win the race; and Kenyon and Colton will collect the money from the lost bets. Blake threatens to tell of Kenyon's marriage to Marian Thorne, if Kenyon does not help in the plans.

Blake leaves, and Marian enters. Kenyon asks her to go with him if he should send for her suddenly, giving her a forged check, in case of such an emergency. Kenyon leaves and when Thorne comes, he finds Marian with Tom. He forbids her to speak with Tom, considering him a snob. Thorne and Marian leave, and Evelyn and Thurston walk by. Tom promises Tubby, a faithful and fat friend, seven consecutive dinners if he gets Thurston away from Evelyn. As Tubby says, it almost took a cyclone, but he finally manages to carry him off bodily. Evelyn refuses to understand Tom's explanation of Marian's presence in his room, and refuses to take back his ring. He asks her if she knows what he likes best about her. She answers, "No," and he says, "My arms." Then—she puts him on probation.

The third act is just outside the boat house, the balcony in

the rear, looking over the race course on the river. The fellow bet high on the Harvard team, Colton taking their bets, although Kenyon tries to stop them. Tubby drinks punch so often that it is funny, and the audience enjoyed it as much as he. Just as the crew leaves for the river, Thorne receives a letter about his sister, and leaves in a fury. Tom then gets to row in his place.

And then—

"The're off! The English are ahead—half a length—O, they must gain!

Then Eve exclaimed, "O, I wish I were a man!" and Tubby added, "So do I!" Then—

"Look at Tom!—They're creeping up!—Pull! pull! pull! They're ahead! Rah! Rah! Harvard!"

And Tom is the hero of the hour. But the celebration is stopped by Thorne, who shows Tom's check that his sister had, and accuses Tom of sending his sister away so that he should follow, and Tom should be allowed to row. Evelyn asks Tom to deny it, but Tom refuses until the proper time and place.

That night, Kenyon confesses that the check was sent to Marian, his wife, by him, and that he helped Colton with his scheme. He promises to reform, Thorne and Tom become friends, and Evelyn ends Tom's probation.

Emerson wasn't a high school, that night, it was so much like a college. The play was under the direction of Miss Lynch,

who also designed the scenery. Tom's room was the best looking place, with lamps, cushions, pennants, pictures, and everything everywhere, just as a college room should be. The dormitory was also realistic, and the flowers, made by pupils under Mrs. Erickson's direction, also looked real. Then the third act showed a perfect boat house entrance with a balcony, awning, and Japanese lanterns. The same scene in the fourth act, with the lanterns lighted, was really beautiful.

The difficulty of modern costuming was successfully worked out, Miss Sherer helping the girls in their choice of frocks. The music was most appropriate. As the date was March 17, Irish songs were sung between the acts, by a chorus of Junior girls, under the direction of Mr. Snyder. The singing of old college songs by the Junior Boys' Glee Club, was also very good.

But the acting was the best thing of it all. The Juniors didn't act like high school students, they were so college-like, and yet perfectly natural. Tubby was just naturally funny, and Madden naturally disgusted when he accidentally knocked over the lamp, so that "That's just like me to tear up everything in the place," fitted in perfectly. Imagination was running high in the third act when the Juniors looked over the balcony and saw the Harvard-English race. But they made it so exciting that it seemed like an Emerson-Froebel game. The strongest acting however, was in the third act, when Thorne was really mad, and Tom won out and unravelled the plot. The play was given a strong interpretation, the characters never being lost through-out, so that the Juniors and Miss Lynch won much praise.

Beatrice Nesbit, '22.

CAST

Tom Brown.....	Robert Maris
	Dale Heiney
Claxton Madden.....	Eugene Ramey
	Donald Stedman
Tubb Anderson.....	Nore Hageman
	Laddy Kornafel
John Cartwright.....	Robert McArthur
	Walter Isenberg
Arthur Blake.....	Clarence Tappan
	John Isle
Happy Thurston.....	Nathan Friedlander
Wilfred Kenyon.....	Alfred Rothschild
Gerald Thorne.....	Ford Bruce

Warren Pierce.....	Thurston Ward
Thompson Coyne.....	Cecil Gourley
Bud Hall.....	Dick Patterse
Codrington.....	Asbury Spencer
Ellis.....	Bennie Jacobson
Walter Barnard.....	Edward Hardy
Program Boy.....	John Beck
Evelyn Kenyon.....	Helen Mahoney
	Magdalene Scheub
Mrs. Kenyon.....	Helen King
	Irene Fields
Edith Sinclair.....	Irene Parson
	Neva Holmes
Marian Thorne.....	Harriet Hanley
	Helen Sprolws

THE CAST OF ROBIN HOOD

Widow	Dorothy Ward
Harry	Walter Stanton
Hugh	James Chase
John	Horace Gale
Widow's Neighbor	Molly Manalan
Robin Hood	Robert Smith
Sheriff of Nottingham	Robert Beattie
Dick	George Giley
Allan-a-Dale	Kerbert Earle
Little John	Wilbur Eklund
Will Stutely	Kenneth Rearick
Beggar	George Hall
Costermonger	Charles Gordon
Countryman	Joe Chavkin
Balloon Man	Joe Friedman
Coffetti Seller	Kathryn Treadway
Applewoman	Miriam Seaman
Ginger Bread Seller	Belle Hyman
Country Woman	Bonnie Mae Ridgely
Blind Boy	Alice Bitner
Blind Boy's Sister	Faye Cuthbert
Gypsy Dancer	Emma Lakin

VILLAGE MAIDS

Janice Riley	Mary Spears
Evelyn Rowley	Roma Anderson
Edith Strom	Louise Fowler
Elizabeth Bonick	Ida Olander
Irene Lewis	

SHERIFF'S MEN

Myron Andrews	Lowell West
Allan Stevenson	Richard Crowthers
Nick Keseric	Raymond Kent

ROBIN HOOD'S MEN

Joe Ransel	Ralph Buchsbaum
Sydney McClellan	Wilbur Verplank
Donald Doyle	Charles Crowther



MICE AND MEN
SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Play

Our Senior Play! Aren't we proud of it? Why it was so good it was great, and there's no end to the exclamations suitable for it.

We knew it was about "Mice and Men," and remembered that "the best laid schemes," came in somewhere, so that when the curtain rose on Mr. Embury's study, and he was discussing plans with his friend, Mr. Goodlake, we understood. Embury, an old philosopher, plans to adopt a young orphan girl, to be "trained in sweet simplicity, unable to deceive." When she is grown he will marry her, or make her a settlement. Mr. Goodlake exclaims, "Every man his own wife-raiser!" The Foundlings arrive in uniform costume and manner, but oh, the varieties! A lass of big blue eyes and golden curls is chosen, and given the name of Peggy. Joanna, Mr. Goodlake's pretty, young wife, has "no monstrous liking for girls," but Mrs. Deborah, Embury's housekeeper, promises to be her friend. She is left alone, until Captain George Lovell, Embury's young scapegrace of a nephew, comes. They become friends surprisingly quickly, and he soon tells her of his affections for Joanna. For this reason his uncle is sending him to Ireland for two years, and at the end of that time if he has forgotten Joanna, he is to receive a settlement. Peggy reminds Lovell of a song, and he sings to her:

"My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I.

And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry."

Lovell leaves on his journey, and Peggy's education begins, with a writing lesson, in which she is strangely interested.

In the second act, two years later, Peggy is a happy, lovable lass of eighteen. She loves Embury for his goodness and sings for him "My love is like a red, red rose." He realizes she is quite a woman, and repeats—

"And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry."

Peggy and Mrs. Goodlake plan to attend a Masquerade Ball that night. Joanna says Lovell's lady love will be there. Lovell comes home from Ireland and tries to stop Peggy's plans. There is a misunderstanding between them about Lovell's "lady love." Embury also quarrels with Lovell, when Lovell claims his settlement, and Embury believes him still guilty of affection for Joanna. Embury proposes to Peggy, but in his dear delicate manner, so that Peggy believes he is speaking for Lovell, and that Lovell is only willing because his uncle offered him money. Her answer, therefore, is "No!"—but she begs him not to believe it.

The third time the curtain rose, six masqueraders in gay costume were dancing the Rye Waltz. All through this act, merrymaking interrupts speeches, as the masqueraders enjoy the ball at the notorious Belsize House. Peggy is delighted with the ball. Lovell insists he has no "lady love" but Peggy sees Joanna

in his arms, and later Joanna confesses her affection for him. Goodlake, with Embury, comes searching for Joanna. Goodlake, suspecting his wife came to meet Lovell; but Peggy takes the blame, and having found out that Embury has proposed for himself, asks him to marry her.

The fourth act portrays further the plans of Embury. A dear little, rose-covered cottage is at one side of the stage, the gardenentrance at the other, and in the rear, is a rose-covered wall, with an arched gateway. This is to be Peggy's new home. Mr. Embury welcomes her here, and tells her she is to ask Lovell to settle down and marry, giving her a letter for him. Peggy does her task, and finds that she is to marry Lovell, for Embury knew of their love for each other, and believed it best for them all. They enter the house, and just as Embury crosses to the doorway, Lovell is heard singing, "My love is like a red, red rose,"—Embury pauses, then turns to the gate, on "So fare thee weel, my bonny lass, and fare thee weel awhile." He stands at the gate, smiling back at the open door, as the song ends—"And I will come again, my lass, though 'twere ten thousand mile."

The orchestra, as always, was good. A special cornet solo by Randall Lightbody, and a vocal solo by Virginia Huff, were well rendered. A boys' Senior chorus sang appropriate songs. The settings were called by many, the best ever seen at Emerson. The first act revealed a bare but interesting study, the second, a lovely living room, beautifully furnished, and the third, a pretty ball room. The fourth, was, of course, the best, the rose-covered garden wall, arbor and doorway, looking beautiful in the soft light. Mrs. Erickson, Mrs. Sieb, Miss Lull, Wilbur Dierking and Rex Young, deserve much credit or all this.

Sydney Goldman, as business manager, left nothing undone. There was even a parade the night before the play. His efforts were clearly seen in the packed houses, both afternoon and evening. He did much for the success of the play.

Seniors are just naturally wonderful, but proof is clearly seen in the cast of the play. Randall Lightbody as Peter, the servant, would win high recommendations from any housekeeper, so perfect was the characterization. Golda Hafey, as Mrs. Deborah, seemed to have aged remarkably. Her voice, walk, and manner, showed the clever work done. Mary Esther Ransel, was the typical looking matron of a foundling hospital. John Symes proved a perfect speaker of cockney English, as the Beadle who liked to talk. Helen Borman had far too short a time on the stage, as the maid, for her part was very well acted. William Martin, with his famous violin, was an interesting character as Kit. In this case it was good playing as well as good acting. Matthias Fabianski, as the Englishman, Sir Harry, took the funniest part of all, and many were the laughs caused by his clever work. The masqueraders and orphans added interesting touches to the scenes, so that the also won favor.

Joseph Bailey, as Mr. Goodlake, showed us what real acting was like. He was perfectly at home on the stage, especially in his swearing, which was his biggest hit. Lillian Heflich, as Joanna, was indeed pretty, so that it was hard to dislike her as much as her strong interpretation of the character demanded. Such a villainess is hard to find. Robert Pickard, the handsome young hero, Captain Lovell, charmed many more than Joanna and Peggy. He was direct and natural and in character throughout. His singing and pleasing manner won him high favor with

audience. Helen Hay, as the pretty Peggy, won her audience completely, with her natural, charming manner, and clever interpretation. Her part so perfectly fitted that she seemed to live everything she did. John Wallace, as the old philosopher, led them all in good acting. His manner, beautiful voice, and sincere interpretation, were perfect. He was in every sense the hero of the play.

But Miss Paul, well-known for good work, deserves the biggest amount of credit. She spared no trouble to win perfection and finish and the result was, that the general sentiment pronounced it the most artistic and lovely play ever presented at Emerson.

CAST

Peter.....	Randall Lightbody
Mrs. Deborah.....	Golda Hafey
Mark Embury.....	John Wallace
Roger Goodlake.....	Joseph Bailey
Joanna Goodlake.....	Lillian Heflich

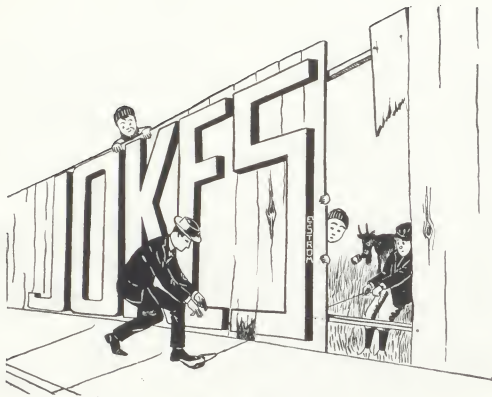
Matron of Foundling Hospital.....	Mary Esther Ransel
Beadle.....	John Symes
Peggy.....	Helen Hay
Capt. George Lovell.....	Robert Pickard
Molly.....	Helen Borman
Kit Barniger.....	William Martin
Sir Harry Trimblestone.....	Matthias Fabianski

Orphans

Elsie Huberth
Helen Fogler
Edna Fuller
Winifred Iliff
Dorothy Verplank
Virginia Huff
Marguerite McNeill
Elsie Taylor
Helen Hay
Viola Snowden

Masqueraders

Beatrice Nesbit
Martha Taylor
Hazel Knotts
Geraldine Onson
Ruth Robinson
Crystal Fisher
William Noltner
Sam Dubin
Jay Bone
Arnold Olson
Abe Hyman
Joe Springberg



Jokes

Earle Kiddie: Don't go. You're leaving me entirely with-

out reason.

"Teddy" Eastes: I always leave things as I find them.

✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. Carlberg: Give what you consider the most memorable date in history.

Wilma Davidson: The one Cleopatra made with Antony.

✿ ✿ ✿

Al Wood: This school is going to the dogs.

Clayton Briggs: How come?

Al Wood: Too many social hounds.

✿ ✿ ✿

Gene Ramey: Did you know that Dale and Tyrie got stung by a rattler.

Klassie Kelso: How come?

Gene Ramey: They bought a secondhand Ford.

✿ ✿ ✿

Martha Pisor: Mr. Holliday, what keeps people from falling off the earth?

Mr. Holliday: The law of gravity.

Martha Pisor: How did they stay on before the law was passed?

✿ ✿ ✿

Solly Goldman: I worked on that problem until 5:30 this morning.

Miss Stephens: Did you get it?

Solly Goldman: Well, it began to dawn on me.

Jimmy Finerty: I think the street car has just passed.

L. Cavanaugh: How do you know?

Jimmy Finerty: I can see its tracks.

✿ ✿ ✿

At Camp

"Jake" Spencer: Set the alarm for two, will you?

Al Combs: You and who else?

✿ ✿ ✿

Martha Taylor: I'm afraid I flunked that make-up exam. today.

Leonard Considine: Your face shows it.

✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. Carlberg: Where is Pittsburg?

Art Gerdes: They're playing in Chicago today.

✿ ✿ ✿

Tyrie Robins: What are you taking your books to class for?

"Bob" Ahrens: Got an "exam."

✿ ✿ ✿

Sergt. Wilcox: You better get a hair cut.

Harold Bishop: Why?

Sergt. Wilcox: Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin.

✿ ✿ ✿

Allen Combs, after he had killed a lady's poodle with his Buick: I am sorry I killed your dog. Will you allow me to replace him?

Lady: Oh, dear, this is so sudden.

Figure it Out

Mary Esther: Martha told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell her.

Hazel Knotts: I told her not to tell you.

Mary Esther: Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so don't tell her I did.

* * *

Abe Hyman: Wouldn't she Rockefeller?

Leo Diamond: I never Astor.

* * *

Roland Pitts: Will you give me something for my head?

Druggist: I wouldn't take it as a gift.

* * *

John Wallace: What kind of pie have you.

Waiter: Lemonpeachappleraisinpumpkin.

John Wallace: Give me a piece.

* * *

Mortie Feder: You're singing reminds me of lightning.

Laddie Wilson: Why?

Mortie Feder: You never strike twice in the same place.

* * *

Norman Winter: You never think of footwear, do you?

Bill Martin: No, that's the farthest thing from my mind.

* * *

Joe Finerty: Where's the body?

Cliff Hood: What body?

Joe Finerty: Anybody.

EMERSON RECORDS

Margie

Oh What a Pal was Mary

Canadian Coppers

Leave Me with a Smile

My Little Irish Lassie

How to Grow Thin by Dancing

Where the River Shannon Flows

A Man Who Would Woo

Smiles

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose

Irish Lullabies

The Sheik of Araby

Slow and Easy

Crooning

A Baby in Love

Da Da My Darling

Old Black Joe

Little Crumbs of Happiness

Turkey in the Straw

Which Hazel

Angel Child

No One's Fool

Dapper Dan

Ma

All By Myself

I'm Nobody's Baby

A'n't We Got Fun?

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

John Isley

Tyrie Robbins

Sibley Bros.

Mr. Spaulding

John Wallace

Eugene Ramey

Ezra Sensibar

Clayton Briggs

Robert Ahrens

Robert Pickard

Leo Diamond

Bernard Harmon

Laddie Wilson

Golda Hafey

Mary Esther Ranse

Kerbert Earle

Frank Stimson

Norman Winter

Joseph Laube

Vincent Cavanaugh

William Noltner

Abe Hyman

Leonard Considine

Earle Kiddie

Elsie Taylor

Virginia Huff

Mr. Holiday

P. Dunleavy

* * *

WHAT PUNCTUATION MARKS ARE FOR

. Indicates a breathing space.

. A lapse of time.

: One end of the Panama Canal.

: A . and a , combined.

! What you put down instead of slang.

? Indicates doubt.

' Indicates laziness.

" What you use when you are telling the other fellow's lie.

— What you use when you are not allowed to write the entire word.

WHAT THEY SAY TO US

Tomorrow we will have a written review.
Clear? Question there?
Notice what I say.
Get in the game.
Hey, you boys, get out of the hall.
Now you just look here.
Where do you people belong this hour?
Mix your colors with brains.
The rifle is a delicate piece of mechanism.
Now, people, it's this way.
Do you see what I'm getting at?
Books closed.
Draw your rifles.
I can prove it to you.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

Sign announcing Faculty Dance:
"Children, come and play with us."

Joe Springberg: "Expression in music is brought out by the symphonic orchestra."

"KLASSIE" KELSO'S P. S. IN A LOVE LETTER

Dot, do not judge me too severely for the words I have written, as they are the projected thought ejected from a dejected and rejected person.

Joe Bailey: "Every time Cupid aims a dart, he Mrs. it.

Mr. Aldrich: Sanford, where are you going?
Sanford: Down to the library to get some out-side reading.
Mr. Aldrich: You stay in and get some inside reading.

Mr. Snyder: This is another song that came from Wales.
Ezra Sensibar: What kind of a whale did it come from?

Mr. Snyder: The next song we will sing is "Little Drops of Water," and please put a little more spirit in it.

Mr. Carlberg: What does the buffalo on a nickel stand for?
George Giley: There isn't room enough for him to sit down.

Miss Stephens: I don't want anyone to ask me a question.
Ellen Rooda: Miss Stephens, my I ask you a question?

Jay Bone, in a dramatic mood: After all these years, I miss many of the old faces with which I used to shake hands.

Miss Marks: What are the duties of the Post Laureate?
Eugene Ramey: I think he gives out the poetic license.

BITS OF POETRY

Sanford was going out one night
His father asked him whither,
Sanford, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered, "with her."

Icy walk; snow fall—
Feet slip; downfall

"Packy" runs home every day to dinner. He says that he wants the exercise, but we wonder if he eats breakfast.

LOST

Lost: A well-worn, black-covered, soiled, and dirty pony. (Latin.) Finder return to office and receive reward.

Lost: Powder Puff. Dirty pink. Return to M. E. R.
Lost: One new E. O. T. C. uniform. Return to Sergt. Wilcox.

Lost: One pair "gym" shoes. Return to "Vic" Weigel.
Lost: Somewhere between February and June, two golden points. Each set with fifty diamond hours. No reward is offered; I took Auditorium.

Lost: Several notes, contents valuable. Return to S. Aldrich.
Lost: Four students from Salesmanship class. Return to Mr. White.
Other articles have been found.

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In order to spend their dough.

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"Looks black," said the chimney sweep.
"Bully," said the toreador.
"Up-in-the-air," said the aviator.
"Bright," said the bootblack.
"Picking up," said the policeman.
"Sweeping," said the street-cleaner.
"Degradng," said the teacher.

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Miss Brownfield: What kind of noun is "cement"?
George Kelso: Concrete.

* * *

Miss Stephens: Ross, will you please run up that curtain?
Ross Sibley: I'm not in training, but I'll try.

* * *

Mr. Holliday: Why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Cecil Gourley: Because after it hits once the place ain't.

* * *

Bill O'Brien gave a conductor a silver dollar.
The conductor said: "Have you got anything smaller?"
Then Willie said: "Nope, they're all the same size."

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